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In Memoriam

LAVINIA FARNHAM

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Lavinia Farnham

In Memoriam

LAVINIA FARNHAM

*I thank my God upon
every remembrance of you*



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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS Memorial of Miss LAVINIA FARNHAM, intended for private distribution, has been compiled in affectionate remembrance by her nephew, GEORGE H. GILBERT.

SUNNYSIDE,
WINCHESTER, August 16, 1894.

THE beatitude of the dead who die in the Lord is the sweetest of all the beatitudes ; for it includes them all, and is their consummation.

This beatitude is AUNT LAVINIA'S. May it be ours, in our turn.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

EARTH's noblest achievement is Christian character — the fine gold of heroic goodness purified and minted in loyalty to duty with loving, unselfish service. This is the Bible meaning of virtue. God can create innocence ; righteousness is human in origin and growth. A true, noble life, of many years, may have been in quiet, uneventful walks, and yet so full of calm vigor and genuineness, so exalted in purpose and so pure in sympathies, as to have a large hold upon other lives ; and, departing from earth, linger long in fragrant, grateful memory. It were well to perpetuate the perfume and the radiance of such a life, — especially, as is the object of this memorial, for kindred and friends who find continual benediction in recalling a companionship that seemed to anticipate Heaven's sweetest fellowship.

Hence this sheaf of spontaneous tributes, which photograph the impressions upon a wide circle, of a woman's life true to its best ideals.

Lavinia Farnham was of a family of three sons and five daughters, children of Deacon Jedediah and Susan Johnson Farnham. Born in Andover (North Parish), August 16, 1806, she passed from earth at Sunnyside, Winchester, Mass., February 10, 1894.

Her grandfather, Captain William Johnson, was a Revolutionary hero, and had an active part in the battle of Bunker Hill. Her father was a major in the war of 1812. He was one of the founders, and a deacon, of the church in North Andover, which was organized in defense of his convictions of truth. Miss Farnham's

life of nearly eighty-eight years was a worthy fulfillment of such herédity, nurtured in a typical New England Christian home and church.

Her first public profession of Christ was in joining the Congregational Church of North Yarmouth, Maine, May 1, 1831, while visiting her aunt, the wife of Rev. Asa Cummings, D. D., its then pastor. That membership was transferred to this church of her parents at its organization, September 3, 1834, and there it remained to the last. This church of her youth was always tenderly loved and much in her thoughts and prayers. To it she presented a solid silver communion service in memory of her father and mother, and her beloved sister, Mrs. Phebe Johnson Gilbert. When past threescore and ten, she cheerfully accepted the superintendent's invitation, and, in a short time, with immense labor and loving zeal, prepared a history of the first forty-five years of the Sunday-school. In a few weeks her faithful pen communicated a complete list of superintendents from the beginning, much of their personal history, their later labors for the kingdom of Christ, and, if deceased, the date and place of departure. It seems hardly possible, when one reads this careful and full history, that so many facts could have been gathered after so many years. The same fidelity made extended mention of teachers, many of whom, like the superintendents, were students at the Theological Seminary, two miles distant by the shortest back road, on Andover Hill. Statistics of membership and books in the library give full data. Judicious selections from replies received from living superintendents and teachers present facts of great interest. It was inevitable that those replies should make frequent and grateful mention of Deacon Farnham's home, always open, with its generous and cordial hospitality.

After faithful mention of others, Miss Farnham said, in closing :—

“My own relations to the school as teacher began with its organization and lasted till its removal to the new church, when it seemed best to give up the work so dear to me. But my heart has never for a moment been separated from our church and Sunday-school, and I look back to the years when I was connected with it as among the happiest of my life. Never can I forget my own dear class of girls. Many of them gave evidence of being children of God. Some are wives and mothers. Some have gone to the better land. May we be permitted to meet them there, and recount the past with perfected memories and joyful hearts.”

Who can doubt that this fond desire of the faithful teacher is now fulfilled — that among the first to give her glad welcome on the shores of the blessed, were those thus tenderly and lovingly remembered!

Her long life knew little of illness, and her mental and social powers seemed to lose nothing; while her spiritual growth gained in beauty and devotion to the last. Her final illness was for only eight days. Each conscious moment she calmly and hopefully rested in her Lord and gladly welcomed His coming.

The day of farewell services at Sunnyside was beautifully harmonious with such a leave-taking and home-going. A cloudless sky of tender blue looked down upon the earth robed in peerless, radiant white, as if for a bridal. Sweet repose was in the sunshine and air. The large and ever hospitable home was thronged again with kindred and friends, from near and far, their memories active and pensive, their hearts full of tender thanksgivings for the past, and deep sympathy for him whose thoughtfulness, in the midst of great prostration through the pains of bereavement and illness, had remembered all in sending us the sad and tender message: “*My precious Aunt passed peacefully away Saturday morning.*”

The seal of Heaven's welcome and rest was on the sweet face from which it seemed life could not have gone. Flowers spoke of earth's affectionate tributes and suggested heaven's glories. Former pastors joined with Rev. Mr. Newton, of Winchester, in services tenderly comforting and inspiring. Prayer was offered by Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D. D., of Boston, a former pastor of the North Andover Church, of which Miss Farnham was one of the original members. Dr. Hamilton's prayer was appreciative and tender — in full sympathy with the occasion. It was comforting and uplifting. Rev. Mr. Newton, and Rev. John L. Withrow, D. D., pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, and former pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, where Miss Farnham worshipped while residing in the city, gave sympathetic and appreciative addresses which appear in the following pages.

At intervals, "Gathering home, one by one," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "We shall meet beyond the river," were feelingly sung by the Apollo Quartette, of Boston, and Dr. Withrow offered the concluding prayer and benediction.

The long procession of carriages took their way, and the precious life-tabernacle was tenderly laid by kindred hands among the flowers.

Now in Ridgewood, with kindred gone before, in sight of the old homestead where she was born, it sleeps safe under the keeping of sun and stars till the resurrection morn.

"Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her, henceforth, be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls."

FUNERAL ADDRESSES.

SUNNYSIDE, WINCHESTER, MASS., FEBRUARY 14,
1894.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. D. AUGUSTINE NEWTON.

WHITER and more beautiful than the sunlit snow-drifts that lie about this home to-day, was the pure and radiant life of the dear saint who so recently filled these rooms with the light of her presence. And now, they tell us, she has gone, although her familiar form lies in yonder casket. I can scarcely realize this event, much less allow myself to think I could speak worthily of such a lovely and loving character. How can I find words which shall express our feelings of love and sorrow! I am glad Dr. Withrow, her former pastor and a brotherly friend of the family, could leave his large Western parish, take the long journey, and be with us to-day to pass the chalice of God's consolation and speak fitting words. I must not, however, allow my sense of personal bereavement to prevent my attempting, at least, according to the expressed desire of these dear friends, to pay a tribute to her blessed memory. Silence would seem ungrateful for the sweet benedictions she shed upon my life. Her pleasant word and cheery smile were more to me than I ever brought to her.

Let me speak of the last few delightful years, because it was in these I knew her. Four years ago the coming May, a gentleman and two elect ladies came to live among us, and called the name of their home "Sunny-side." The community very soon discerned the appropriateness of the title, because of the sunshine which radiated from within these hospitable doors. The name fitted the life of the household. The sunlight of love

was shed continuously the one upon the other. Every anniversary, every birthday, was made a special occasion on which the loving devotion of this gentleman to his beloved aunts was most lavishly manifest ; and when there were no special days that could be observed, he planned those little surprises of thoughtfulness which make household life so happy and blessed. Here they dwelt in quiet simplicity, sending out rays of sunshine into the community, and in yet wider circles of an ever enlarging acquaintanceship. Every comfort and luxury that affection could inspire and means permit were theirs. But it was not God's will that it should always be so. The shadows of a Divine Providence brooded down upon this home, and, two years ago last month, one of these saintly aunts ascended to her mansion in heaven.

Never shall I forget the childlike way in which the bereft sister put out her hands to me, and said, with quivering lips, "How much I shall miss my dear sister !" The trusting, submissive manner in which she bore that great affliction was most touching. She believed her sister had gone to be with Christ, her Lord. She knew it was God's will, and she said, "He doeth all things well." Yet it was a sad separation for her. Oh, the mystic orphanage of kindred spirits !

It does not seem long to look back to that event, and now God has translated the other elect lady. It would seem as if Heaven had taken the sunshine away from
* "Sunnyside." Even as the sun sets and leaves the world in darkness, so death has shut down upon this bright scene of human life with its sable pall of gloom. Ah, but did you never read, "At evening time it shall be light ?" Advancing years are the evening time of life ; and to a Christian such as she was, it is all light, blessedness, and glory. The shadows about us are transmuted into golden beams of celestial hope streaming

from the eternal day, where she now dwells. Can you not almost hear her saying, —

“I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
I have found the joy of heaven;
I am one of the angel band;
To my head the crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand;
I have learned the song they sing,
And the glorious walls on high still ring
With my new-born melody.”

We hesitate to use the word “death” for what we can only regard as translation. There are some burial days on earth which are bridal days in heaven. The darkest hours of human experience, to God’s dear children, are made bright with hope and peace. The Christian knows whom he has believed; he sees the bright light which is in the clouds, and knows how loving a heart is beating for him, and how infinite the grace which will one day gladden the soul with all the fullness of fruition. When our dear ones are thus taken from us we may gently weep; but our tears are for ourselves, not for them. We cannot weep that, with the dawning of Saturday’s morning, the Master called her to her glorious home, both to abide in his love forever and to meet the dear ones who have been “gathering home” in all these years. There is no darkness here, or sorrowing of those who have no hope. Sunnyside is yet Sunnyside in a chastened, diviner sense. It must ever be such to those who have the precious memory of the foster-mother, sister, aunt, and friend, Miss Lavinia Farnham, who has illumined this fireside with her genial life. The voice of this dear one is forever hushed on earth; but the remembrance of what she was, the inspiration of her life and character remain. Through

lives like hers we know there is no necessary separation between earth and heaven.

How lightly she was touched by the hand of time ! Each revolving cycle seemed but to make her still more beautiful. How very few of the infirmities of age came to her ! With what girlish lightheartedness, and yet with dignity that became her years, did she welcome all to this home ! How bright and cheerful her conversation has been ; how deep her interest in all good things ; how free from affectation, and all that is artificial ! She was simplicity itself. The "crown of glory" which the righteous wear was hers, and she wore it with meek, becoming grace. "Old age, sometimes, has such beauty that it seems to be the actual beginning of a glorified state ; as the high mountains catch a prophetic glory before the sun has risen." So it was with her as she ascended each step above the fourscore.

We shall ever think of her, first, as the *sweet saint*. More than one person, after calling in this home, has said, "I love Miss Farnham ; she is perfectly lovable." There was a charm in her even ways, and in her evident youthful spirit, which won young hearts, as well as old, to her. She was wealthy in the number and quality of her friendships. She possessed the esteem and affection of every one who knew her. What absence of everything that borders upon complaint or murmuring ! What tender thoughtfulness for others ! I never crossed this threshold and met her but that almost her first question would be, "How are Mrs. Newton and the children ?" Each day, from the sickroom went out the loving inquiry for every one in the household ; and those who nursed so faithfully at her bedside were to her "You dear girls." Many have received little tokens of affection which her own hands have made. Lowell well expresses our thought : —

“She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.”

How hospitable this home of which she was the hostess ! So pleased was she to meet the ministers of God's grace, that every one knows how, by the thoughtfulness of the foster-son, the table has been bounteously spread, and the “prophet's chamber” prepared, for nearly every minister who came to tarry a Sabbath among us. She was pleased to entertain them. Ever generous, there was not a thing she would not have given away if she thought it would do another some good. Always faithful, could an own mother be more to him who, orphaned of his mother's care, was laid in her arms when but two weeks old ? To her he has always been her “dear, precious George,” and she has been to him a “precious aunt and mother.” Yes, in her life this side of heaven, we have a beautiful gift of God which stands as a rich legacy to us in its sweet saintliness.

Again, we shall ever think of her as a *consecrated Christian*. Her trust in her Saviour was definite and abiding, — something clear-cut and final. No theories or speculations shook her confidence in the power of the cross of Christ. Daily reading of the Word of God, and communion with Him in prayer, had given her an unshaken and undisturbed faith. A life of profound trust in God's promises through Christ had steadily formed her character from early youth. I believe this was the source of her perennial cheerfulness. She had, preëminently, a relish for spiritual ideas and religious literature, and the spiritual portions of God's Word were her constant food. Almost the last words she ever heard on earth were those blessed ones of Christ in the fourteenth chapter of John. At the close of the reading, with

such strength as she had, she gently whispered, "How beautiful!" The centre and circumference of her faith was her Lord. He was the foundation rock upon which she built her hopes. "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Just as I am, without one plea," were the words of the old hymns of our faith which sprang spontaneously to her lips in this last illness. The one disappointment of these last years has been her inability to attend church every Lord's day. Only three weeks ago she spoke of how she missed the church services. To the response, "I know you do; but it is hardly prudent for you to be exposed to the cold. Think what would Mr. Gilbert do, should anything happen to you." "I know it would be hard for him," was the thoughtful answer; "but *I* could not *live* without him, he is so much to me." Surely God knoweth best, and has ordered all things well.

The old home church at North Andover, where her father was an honored deacon, and of which she was the oldest member, was very dear to her. With her own hand she wrote a letter to the new pastor, expressing her gladness that the church had another under-shepherd to go in and out among the flock. She was interested in all their interests as long as she lived. The last time she attended church was in October, upon a Sunday especially set apart for the aged people. Well do I remember how warmly she thanked me, after the service, for the words spoken about the heavenly country. And now she has gone there.

"Will they meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore?"

"Past yon portals, our immortals,
Those who walk with Him in white,
Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us?"

Know they what events befall us?
Will our coming wake delight?

“They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore.”

And then, lastly, a life like hers will ever be a *rich reminder of our immortal inheritance*. There is nothing in an irreligious life to assert any deathless prerogative. But a life and death like hers assure us of an immortality. To her, death or life was the same thing, if so her Father willed. When first taken with this fatal illness, and a presentiment of what has come to pass entered her mind, she said calmly, “I shall be happy either way.” I think I understand better now what the Bible means when it says such a soul “shall not see death.” To the Christian I believe there is no real death; what seems so is transition. It is the struggle of the soul to a higher plane of life and fellowship.

“How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no 'good-night'?”

“I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by-and-by;
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that His Heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,
As we have suffered most.”

Her life teaches us to face the unknown future relying with steadfast confidence upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the human race — “I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.” We

must rejoice over such a life, and we cannot mourn over such a death. Let us be glad that she has lived thus long, and glad, too, that she has gone to her reward. Let us set up her spiritual image in the chambers of the heart, that it may revive and renew in us her devotion to God.

To these dear friends, and to you, my dear brother, who made this place so happy and pleasant for her, our hearts all go out in deepest, most tender sympathy and love. We feel how dazing and bewildering must be the burden of this sorrow. We feel for you in your weakened and lonely condition. Let these words of the long-time family friend, Rev. Dr. Rankin, comfort you: "We all feel for you very deeply. You have surrendered your long charge so sacredly kept, to the angels. It does not seem strange to say she has gone to Heaven; because she was so fit to go there." "To you a mother, and you more than a son to her. God ordered it so, that you motherless, and that she childless, should round out so many years together. And she too has surrendered her charge and gone, can we doubt it, to hear from her Saviour and from your own mother, perhaps, words of approval, as to that early ministry to you in your infancy and boyhood. May God comfort you in your loneliness, and reward you for your unselfish devotion, and bring us all to that fellowship, which is sweeter since Aunt Lavinia entered upon it."

And brother, in your hours of solitude and loneliness, when you long for her sweet companionship, believe you hear her saying:—

"O son of my earthly years,
The trusted and the tried,
Thou art walking still in the valley of tears,
But I am at thy side.
Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below

Till they meet and touch again ;
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from which I came."

ADDRESS

BY REV. J. L. WITHROW, D. D.

THE circumstances of this day are peculiarly suitable for these services. The heavens are blue as sapphire ; the sunlight without a cloud, and the earth is robed in spotless white. It is not a funeral shroud ; we think of it as a wedding garment. We are here not so much for a funeral service, as to say " Farewell " to a fondly loved friend's sacred remains.

Our dear Miss Farnham sleeps well. Not after a fretful and feverish life, but after a faithful career of four score and seven years. We tried hard to hold on to her earthly garments, but Heaven drew her, and the spirit breathed itself away. Thus she closed her days of undeviating fidelity to whatever is admirable in woman.

More than eighteen years ago it was my happy privilege to be introduced to two singularly interesting looking ladies, attending my church in Boston. At first I was only their pastor, meeting them at the close of the service in Park Street Church. By and by, acquaintance deepened into friendship ; and mine for them into an extraordinary admiration. As years went by, their family life became intermingled with ours, and ever since Sunny-side was their home we have looked upon it as one of our choicest resting places. Such homes as this has been, through the last four years and more, are rarely found. On all ordinary occasions, and especially at those birthday festivities that have been so affectionately observed, we have seen here a dwelling place filled with the gentlest

amenities that belong to the best conditions of society ; a scene of the sort of devotion of which we dream, but do not often think of finding.

Two years ago the first shadow fell athwart the threshold, when one of the evening stars set without clouds, — Mrs. Smith fell asleep. But still Sunnyside had two lives left which filled these rooms with grace, and made it sought for by a large circle of increasingly devoted friends, who have clung all the closer because they saw a faltering in the footsteps of this dear lady, who has just now laid down her pilgrim staff.

If I am asked to say what characteristics marked the life of this sainted one, these are at least three, — quiet strength ; womanly sweetness ; and Christian unselfishness. The first was constitutional, the second was the charm of her character, and the third was its crown. Of such a trait as aggressiveness she had none. Than she, who was ever more conciliatory ? So considerate of other's views, that one who did not know her might think, at first, that it mattered little to her how things should go. And so long as nothing essential was involved, it was a most easy gracefulness with which she yielded to the opinions of those surrounding her. But let there be any interests of rectitude and true religion at stake, and how calmly have we seen her courage rise and countenance change to a steady determination which showed what a reserved strength she had. That was constitutional with her. But there was with it a deep womanly sweetness which greatly beautified her character. Those who have known her longest have enjoyed this the most. What was it but this in her, which, taking the motherless baby of two weeks old, caused her to become to her "dear George" an angel of mercy ?

Studying this family life we stand still and wonder at seeing a young man, as he grew into years, grow away from the world, and inseparably bind himself to the care

of this same aunt — to him more than a mother ever was to most men — devoting not only an unstinted outlay of means and a generous measure of time and attention, but actually losing his whole self in sweet service to her declining years. Was the match of it ever met with by any of us? Have we not admired it in eloquent silence, simply because we had no words with which to describe it? Has it not been for years a story to tell; how a nephew, of man's estate, would not retire any night, no matter how late he might be in returning home, without visiting the sleeping room to see if his sweet charge were resting comfortably? Looking around this dwelling place, and noting the almost numberless gifts of love which his hands have bestowed upon her whose happiness was his highest desire of life, do we fail to realize that it was her womanly graces which educated and developed this devotion in him? For who could but become every day a little better while living within the charming influence of this sweet woman, always so tender, so strong, and warmly winning, that we venture to say she never had an enemy in the world.

Were there no other reason to believe in the heavenly life, in that land that is afar off, we should assure ourselves of it because only the heaven of the Bible would be a fit place for her, whose spirit breathed itself out of this body four days ago. There, where there is only love and all is lovely, she would find a suitable abode. And when we reflect that for more than four days she has been abiding in the place which Christ has been preparing for her eternal residence, we cannot restrain the thought, how much of new beauty has been added to heaven by her admittance into its society. For is it not the spirit which smiles and lives in the eyes and lips? Then, although these of earth are closed and cold, our ransomed and radiant dear one must still be gladdening all around her by those glances of the eye, and smiles of

the soul which for long cheered us by the way. And as there she has joined the company of so many whose purity has been whitening by long association with angels, in the light of the Lamb, how her virgin purity must relish such sainted society! For surroundings like those, her native and developed womanly sweetness did singularly adapt her.

But there is yet a more positive quality of which we must take account in her character. Christian unselfishness was as much her crown as the last grace was her charm. Whoever heard of Miss Farnham doing a selfish act? Nor was it merely for others that her life was given. Services for others may not surely signify the absence of very human motives. But let it appear plainly that beyond doing the loving deed, the ruling desire springs from the deep purpose to please Him whose whole life it was to go "about doing good;" then we have Christian unselfishness.

So it was with her; in all she did there seemed, to my thinking at least, a far away reference to what her Master would have had her do. Conferring happiness on those around her, especially on those of home, and those nearest her heart, she seemed to do it at his suggestion, who after waiting on his disciples said: "I have given you an example." And so we have had in her an example of Christian unselfishness which has been not only beautiful but contagious. For do not we feel sure that our lives have been lifted into a higher atmosphere by intimacy with hers?

Can we not but feel that the life of her dear charge, in his boyhood days, has been exalted to a nobler manhood than it otherwise might have been, because he lived with this sweet spirit, who has become translated? For him our utmost sympathies go out as he tearfully looks on her vacant chair, and listens in vain for another sound from her silent lips. But let us all remember

what the Word says of the departed in Christ: "Are they not all ministering Spirits sent forth to minister unto them who are the heirs of salvation?" Hence we may have her as a "ministering spirit," and Sunnyside may still enjoy her invisible presence and her unspoken benedictions.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

TRINITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
NORTH ANDOVER,

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1894,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. HENRY E. BARNES, D. D.

DISCOURSE.

“And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them. . . .”
JOHN xvii. 22.

WE sing a *Te Deum* in our hearts to-day, not a *miserere*; a symphony, not a dirge. In the contrasted, yet related, parts of this music, minor strains, with even the silent cadence of tears, will occur, for though we sing, we are bereft, — our sense of personal loss will express itself. But the major strains, the rapid joyous movements in our symphony, express our Christian faith and hope; make music [that “mingles with the heavenly strains in which our friend, whom we commemorate, is rapturously joining. Glory, not gloom, therefore, is about us; praise and thanksgiving, not sorrow and sadness, fill our souls.

It is Christ’s glory, as His own words tell us. I could not begin the grateful task of setting down memorial words for Miss Lavinia Farnham without this thought; she would not want me to commemorate her without the use of some words of her Saviour for a starting point and direction for the whole. “And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them.” Those of you who knew Miss Farnham best will say, “Yes; she reflected Christ’s glory.” Such words are appropriate for memorializing such a character — Christ’s glory reflected in His disciples. Lives like Miss Farnham’s illustrate the thought in that statement. To cite such lives, to trace in some degree their wide influ-

ence for good in the midst of the evil we witness, is the best unfolding of such a thought as Christ's words give us.

I rejoice to be the medium through which touching, beautiful, and profitable words may come to you from the many letters received. By means of these expressions from eminent clergymen and others, many of them personally known to me, and my warm friends, and some of them your former beloved pastors, I am able to appreciate the loss we have sustained, the incalculable loss to family, kindred, and the loss to the world. I never looked upon Miss Farnham's living face. I cannot know what I have missed; but I have seen and known her through the eyes and minds of others, and through my own privilege of receiving from her an autograph letter on December 20 last, — the day of my installation as your pastor. Moreover, I have been to Sunnyside. A great ray of sunshine was withdrawn when she was transferred to eternal light and life, but it is Sunnyside still, for the sky of that home is suffused with light, to the zenith, from the sun that set on the tenth of February.

By the delicate favor of the son-nephew, on my recent visit to his now lonely home, I stood by myself in the sainted aunt's room. I took in my hand her Bible, copiously marked, evidently much used. I took note of various books of devotion. I observed the expression of her youthful spirit in the few pictures on the walls — merry children portrayed, and one sweet pastoral scene. Then, over the door a poetic but realistic touch — a raven, with Poe's words "Never more." Pictures of churches and homes she loved, and noticeably, a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Withrow. She had never spoken to me in audible tones, but that day, through what I saw that expressed her life somewhat, I heard and saw her. But I saw her on the day of my

installation through the letter which I had received.¹ Duties, on assuming a new pastorate, prevented my immediate acceptance of her invitation so heartily given, but I expected to visit her, for I felt that, although so aged, she might live yet many years.

Your last pastor, Rev. Horace H. Leavitt, now of Broadway Congregational Church, Somerville, writes :²

. . . Miss Farnham was one of the early members of the North Andover Church, and lives in the thought of the people as associated with the little heroic company that came out to join the church when the step meant so much. It meant years of sacrifice and personal work to bring the new movement into such a condition of strength that it could walk alone. Miss Farnham was closely identified with the Sabbath-school in the early days, and reminiscences from her are printed in the *Manual* in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the school.

Her lively interest in the church always impressed me — not simply its earlier history, but the vital life of the day. No

¹ MY DEAR DR. BARNES, — As the only living original member of the North Andover Church, over which you are installed to-day, I send you my most hearty congratulations, and be assured you have my prayers that your pastorate may be a long and happy one. I have known every pastor of the dear old church and loved them all. I hope to know and love you. My home is here with my nephew, George H. Gilbert, whose sainted mother was the first person to unite with this same church on profession of faith, and my father was one of the first deacons. I hope some day, when in Boston, you will find it convenient to come out and dine with us ; your convenience will always be ours. I am now eighty-seven years of age, having been born in North Andover, August 16, 1806. I enjoy good health and attend church here regularly when the weather permits. I send you with this *My Life and Times*, by Dr. Hamlin, as a Christmas remembrance. My love to Mrs. Barnes, whom we would like to see here with you. Again bidding you a cordial welcome to the church I love so well, I remain

Cordially yours,

LAVINIA FARNHAM.

[Upon this letter appeared the coat-of-arms, inscribed with this characteristic motto, *Je suis pret.*]

² The letters which follow were abbreviated at this service ; but they are here given in full that the tender fragrance of their affectionate appreciation may not be lost.

one was more eager in her inquiries as to the religious state of the church than was she, and no one rejoiced more in seasons of refreshing and in times of ingathering.

Her name was closely linked with the old families — such as Mr. Theron Johnson and Miss Hannah Osgood, both of whom I laid to rest after they had long passed ninety years of age ; also with Mrs. Sally Needham, more recently transferred from the earthly to the heavenly company of the redeemed ; and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Davis, somewhat younger than Miss Farnham, and yet, because of their long connection with the church, belonging to her generation and always keeping up their interest in her. The Phillips sisters too were identified with the church in the days of Miss Farnham's long connection with it ; and Mrs. Manning was also of that devoted company from a time so far back that she remembers the days of the church's stress and struggle, as of Miss Farnham's activity. The early members of the church were bound together with a very strong tie which came through struggle.

Miss Farnham ripened into a beautiful old age, — a benediction wherever she was, — and with her older sister, Mrs. Smith, who preceded her but a little, was a vivid reminder of what Christian nurture of the old type developed into, as age came to it. The generation in which they were trained has no occasion to blush for its work in the lives of these two sisters, while this generation has had occasion for deepest gratitude that it came into the legacy of such lives.

The North Andover Church has many names on its roll which are starred, which she may well honor and cherish, and tell the rising generations of the sweetness, the richness, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the unselfishness of those who have had a part in making her history. I am personally thankful that I have known and felt the influence of Miss Farnham.

The Rev. William T. Briggs, the second pastor of this church, and here nine years, an octogenarian enjoying a hale Christian old age in East Douglas, writes : —

I gladly send you a slight tribute, — a feeble expression of my love and esteem for Miss Farnham.

I shall never forget her cordial welcome when I was ordained and installed over the church in North Andover, — the examination by council being at her father's house. That church she dearly loved, having been one of the original members, and continuing so while she lived. She survived them all. Of members of the church when I was ordained, I recall no one who seemed more entirely consecrated to Christ, — no one more cheerful in sacrifices for the then struggling church which lay so near her heart. To a youthful pastor without experience, her cheering words, her uniformly radiant smile, were an unfailing help, and full of encouragement. She was one on whom I could always rely, ready for any work that might be assigned to her. Especially was she the pastor's friend. She loved the society of ministers, and they seemed instinctively drawn to her. Her house was proverbially their home. Many a student from the seminary will testify to her uniform kindness and care for them. I greatly prized her aid in church work, and in promoting any good cause. A rare privilege it was for me to share the hospitalities of her home, for a long time to sit at the same table. Thus enabled to read her character and spirit, I found a rare harmony between her public and private life. Everywhere she breathed the spirit of Him whom she loved to serve. Among the cherished memories of my early pastorate, foremost are her life and labors.

My faith has long been that a consecrated Christian life is the surest prophecy of a "green old age." The last days on earth should bring the sweetest, richest foretaste of heaven. With Miss Farnham and her sainted sister, Mrs. Smith, this was true. Full of years, — ripe for heaven, — their sun seemed to go down without a cloud. United as one in life, in death scarcely divided, they are now together and will henceforth shine as the stars.

The Rev. L. H. Cobb, D. D., pastor here for seven years, now secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, New York, writes : —

The first time I ever saw Miss Lavinia Farnham was in the autumn of 1854, when I entered the seminary. Taking the Bible class of Mr. John Colby, in the Sunday-school of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, I was almost at once invited, as students from the seminary were so apt to be, to the Farnham home. It was one of the most delightful families I ever met. The dear old mother of sainted memory, and Mrs. Smith, so recently translated to the world of light, her daughter Mary, her son John, occasional visits from other members of the family, and the subject of these reminiscences, Miss Lavinia Farnham, formed the home circle. Her benignant face always welcomed guests to the home as if they belonged to her personally; and yet we were welcomed from the seminary because of our present and prospective relations to Christian work. Scores, if not hundreds, of theological students have received inspiration from contact with the life so recently closed. Her acquaintance with Christian work in all parts of the land and world, her wide acquaintance with Christian men, especially ministers who had graduated at Andover, her interest in surrounding churches, her warm attachment to her own church, her tender, prayerful and unflagging interest in the members of her Sunday-school class, were a study far more valuable, practically, than any amount of work on a knotty point in theology.

She had a sort of succession of classes of young ladies. By this I mean that she would take a class and keep them until they graduated, by removal to other places, or by translation from her class to the school of Christ on high.

When I became her pastor in 1857, our relations were very close, and especially so with regard to the members of her class. She would talk with me, sometimes her face radiant, over any good news she had to bring of the conversion of one or more of them. At other times, her face wore an aspect of tender solicitude, approaching to painful anxiety for the salvation of a soul. It would be exceedingly interesting, were it possible, to see together all the notes she ever wrote to the members of her class. They would open up her heart in connection with our Sunday-school work as nothing else could. The impress of them may some time be reproduced,

in the world of light, on the characters of those to whom the letters were addressed.

Everything concerning the parish was of interest to her. Any new accession to the church was apparently as great a joy as if she had been the means of securing it. Any loss to the church, by death or removal, was a source of tender and affectionate concern. She was eminently a student of the Bible, a woman of prayer. Trained early to punctual habits in everything, she was almost invariably in the house of God at all the services, both on the Sabbath and during the week. The missionary magazines had a place close beside her Bible.

Nothing could exceed the cordial hospitality of the Farnham home, of which she was so important a part. Once, during a season of threateningly serious illness in the seminary, I was made the guest of that home. It would be difficult to think of circumstances in which any man could be made more welcome and comfortable. Everything that thoughtful care could do was done.

Her interest in all her friends, and specially those of her own immediate family circle, was tender, affectionate, and constant. It was touching to witness the tenderness of Miss Farnham and Mrs. Smith, and all the family, manifested toward the aged mother, as her life approached its conclusion.

In these later years I have had the privilege only occasionally of meeting Miss Farnham. Several times while in Boston I visited the home on Tremont Street. I have seen her but once in her Winchester home. Surrounded by all that devoted affection could furnish, her life presented the same beautiful features marked with sweet simplicity, the warmest cordiality, the tenderest appreciation and grateful affection which have always characterized her life. It would be a joy to Mrs. Cobb and myself to attend the memorial service. Other duties seem now to call us elsewhere. We shall be present in spirit and enter most heartily into the service of the occasion.

The following is from the Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D. D., of Boston, who was pastor here for six years :—

I count it one of the great privileges of my life to have shared the confidence and friendship of this noble Christian woman for so many years. Her religious life was contemporaneous with that of the beloved church at North Andover, and not a little of her thought and toil and prayerful interest was centred there. She assisted in its organization by her counsel and her consecrated effort. She helped organize the Sunday-school and continued in it, either as pupil or teacher, as long as it was possible for her to do so. She was always a devout and attentive worshiper, a generous and willing supporter of its means of grace, ever ready to make personal sacrifices for the good of others, and for the furtherance of the cause so dear to her heart.

Her name is closely linked with that of Miss Hannah Osgood in the early history of the church, who, like Lydia and Priscilla, seem to have nurtured the daughter of Zion in their own homes.

And every one, who has had the honor to serve as pastor, has not only found a prophet's chamber in each of these homes, but also had occasion to say with Paul: "Help those women who labored with me in the Gospel."

Miss Farnham made religion attractive. There was nothing sombre in her faith, but much that was hopeful, joyous, and winning. In her tongue was the law of kindness.

She was one of the redeemed of the Lord who *said so*; but said it in act quite as distinctly as in words. Her meditation was upon whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report.

The beautiful communion service which she gave to the church was a touching tribute of her faith and devotion, for she herself was a vessel of honor meet for the Master's use.

Any church is rich which inherits the legacy of such saintly lives, and is so closely linked with those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their presence. May the dear brethren share and perpetuate the spirit of this sainted friend who, until the very last, cherished the interests of your beloved church in her heart, and who did what she could to further pure religion in the community and throughout the world.

That God will bless you all, and seal this memorial to your spiritual good, is the wish of your sincere friend and brother.

From the Rev. Rufus C. Flagg, D. D., fifth pastor and here five years, now President of Ripon College, Wisconsin : —

I remember well the erect forms and benevolent, cultured faces of Miss Farnham and her sister, Mrs. Smith, as they appeared twenty-one years ago when I began my ministry in North Andover. It was a beautiful thing to observe their punctual and regular attendance at church and their interest in the services, though in the ripeness of their Christian character and experience they must have been inadequately fed and but stumbingly guided by the ministrations of their youthful pastor. Nevertheless, their hearts were evidently engaged in the services of God's house. They could worship the Lord God of their fathers and their God with but little aid from the minister ; so much was communion their habit and delight.

I look back with great appreciation to their delicate and persistent efforts to sustain me in my work by means of encouragements given in every possible way. I could not doubt that the pressure of the hand, which they took pains to give me almost every Sabbath, was meant to assure me of their prayers, and their willingness to coöperate in any plans I might make. They seemed to say, "We shall trust you until you show yourself unworthy," and not, "Show yourself worthy and then we will trust you." Such confidence inspires a desire to be worthy of it, though sometimes it might be misplaced.

In Miss Farnham and her sister could be seen the fruit of New England traditions and culture. Their dignified bearing, their firm convictions underlying many graces of character, their clear, strong tones of voice, their attachment to the church and its ordinances, their benevolence of face and hand, their pride of family and love for ancestral scenes, their hearty enjoyment of social and intellectual pleasures, all marked them as the genuine product of the best New England soil. Such fruit is the best justification of the tree on which it grew. Their

piety was such as one would expect in such persons. Its chief characteristic was not emotional. It was a quality of their whole being. To use a sentence from President Edwards, "It was in them after the manner of a law of nature." You felt that the Spirit of God had mingled Himself with their entire life and had sanctified the whole.

With regard to such lives, so rounded and polished, one does not remember so much specific things as the symmetry and beauty of the whole. When they did a kind deed, the doer made a deeper impression than the thing done.

After long, beautiful, and useful lives they have been gathered home, "as shocks of corn fully ripe." They blessed every community in which they lived, made happy numberless friends and acquaintances by the law of kindness which was on their tongues, strengthened every pastor whose ministry they enjoyed; their lives make a track of light from the beginning, and now they are lost in the light of God's presence. May they have innumerable successors.

The Rev. D. A. Newton, Miss Farnham's pastor for the last four years in Winchester, sends the following:

I am very glad to say a word respecting a member of your flock who was very much beloved by all who knew her here in Winchester.

It is now nearly four years since Mr. George H. Gilbert and the two elect ladies, Mrs. Susan J. Smith and her sister, Miss Lavinia Farnham, came to live in Winchester, and called the name of their home "Sunnyside." The community very soon discovered the appropriateness of the title, because of the sunshine which radiated from within their hospitable doors. The name fitted the life of the household. Every anniversary and birthday was made a special occasion, on which the loving devotion of Mr. Gilbert to his beloved aunts was most lavishly manifest. And when there were no special days that could be observed, he planned those little surprises of thoughtfulness which make life in the home so happy and blessed. Here they dwelt in quiet simplicity, sending out rays of sunshine into the community, and in yet wider circles of an ever-enlarging acquaintanceship. But it

was not God's will that it should always be so. Two years ago last month, one of these saintly ladies, Mrs. Smith, ascended to her mansion in heaven, and now God has translated the other "elect lady," Miss Farnham. The voice of this dear one is forever hushed on earth ; but the remembrance of what she was, and the inspiration of her life and character, remain. Through lives like hers we know there is no necessary separation between earth and heaven. How lightly she was touched by the hand of time ! Each revolving cycle seemed but to make her still more beautiful. With what girlish light-heartedness, and yet dignity becoming a true woman and one of her years, did she welcome all to Sunnyside ! How deep her interest in all good things ! How free from affectation and all that is artificial ! She was simplicity itself. The "crown of glory" which the righteous wear was hers, and she wore it with meek and becoming grace. Old age sometimes has such beauty that it seems to be the actual beginning of a glorified state ; as the high mountains catch a prophetic glory before the sun has risen. So it was with her as she ascended each step above the fourscore.

We shall ever think of her here in Winchester as a *most sweet, lovable woman*. There was a charm in her even ways and sweet smile, which showed ever a youthful spirit that won young hearts, as well as old, to her. She was wealthy in the number and quality of her friendships. Ever generous, faithful, loving, and thoughtful, the world is made poorer when such depart out of it. In her life this side of heaven we have a beautiful gift of God which stands as a rich legacy to us in its sweet womanhood.

We shall also think of her as a *trusting Christian*. Her trust in her Saviour was definite and abiding ; something clear-cut and final. Daily reading of the Word of God, and communion with Him in prayer, had given her an unshaken and undisturbed faith. She had preëminently a relish for spiritual ideas ; and a feeding upon God's promises in Christ Jesus had steadily formed her character from early youth. I believe it was the source of her perennial cheerfulness. The old home church at North Andover, where her father had been an honored deacon, and of which she was the oldest

living member, was ever dear to her, and she never wished to break that connection. She spoke of her joy when she learned the church had another under-shepherd [Dr. Barnes] to go in and out among you. She was interested in everything that interested you as long as she lived. Many are the prayers she has offered for the home church.

To us all, a life like hers is a *blessed assurance* of our *immortal inheritance*. We are forcibly reminded of our immortality. To her, death or life was the same thing, if so her Heavenly Father willed. For she said, when first taken with this last fatal illness, and a presentiment of what has come to pass came into her mind, "I shall be happy either way." I think I understand better now what the Bible means when it says that such a soul "shall not see death." Her life teaches us to face the unknown future, relying with reasonable confidence upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the human race: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die." "O death, where is thy victory!" We must rejoice over such a life, and we cannot mourn over such a death. Let us be glad that she has lived thus long, and glad, too, that she has gone to her reward. Let us set up her spiritual image in the chambers of the heart, that it may revive and renew in us her devotion to God and his truth.

The Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, present pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, of which Mr. Gilbert is a member, and where Miss Farnham worshiped during fifteen years' residence in Boston, writes:—

May I be permitted to make an offering of at least a little word, which can be built into that memorial of love and honor which you will offer next Sabbath to the translated saint, Miss Lavinia Farnham. So many are they who rise up to do her honor, that her memorial will be like one of those beautiful cathedral windows which, constructed on its framework by the insertion of a hundred pieces of variously colored glass, reveals the outline of some sacred form through many rich and beauteous hues. Each little part may furnish color for a

few rays, and so harmonize and glorify the whole. One could not wish to outline any other than her real person, or color it otherwise than by her real character, through which descends upon us the light of God.

Not quite two years before the close of her life, I first, within her home, looked upon her venerable form, and felt the benediction of her gracious character. Her physical presence was almost ideal in the beauty of age ; and infancy itself could scarcely present a color fairer, or features more innocent in expression. Not even in my thought can I separate that presence from the spirit which irradiated every line of her angelic countenance. The unsullied fairness of her face was like the spotless radiance of her soul, of which it was a transparency. Her most genial courtesy, which was not motherly, nor sisterly, but as loving as the one, as kindly as the other, told how thoughtfulness of others flowed from her soul. Though her slight deafness forbade that she understand every word of general conversation, she smiled her interest and pleasure while the word went round, as though comprehending its essence by her inner sense. She found her satisfaction in apprehending that others were entertained and happy.

"Eternal sunshine settled on her head." Nor were there clouds around. She walked quite on the verge of heaven, taking its radiance from her nearness and shining down to those who came toiling up the heavenly way. Interested in life and persons, in events and things, in ideas and literature, like the bee, she seemed to take only the honey from each and all these ; their bitterness she left untasted, unextracted. She beamed upon us in the home with steady light. The past did not absorb her, nor yet the present. To each she gave a due meed of attention. "But all her thoughts had rest in heaven." The future was an open book. She could not die. Entering the river which flows this side the celestial city, she seemed by her presence therein not even to ripple the waters. The tide seemed to stand still at the flood, for her, to make her passing calm.

No mourning can befit her translation. The heart of a child, the thoughtfulness of a rich and ripe understanding,

the devotion of a saint, the love of a friend, the trust and the vision of an angel, all united in her to bless the lives of those who came within her circle here ; and all these immortal virtues passed with her, as her natural adornings, into the home where now she reposes.

Having felt all this and more in the benediction of her presence, I beg to transmit it, even thus imperfectly, to you, that the light which shines from heaven through it may beautify still the earth and allure us to the skies.

From the Rev. John L. Withrow, D. D., of Chicago :—

I was honored with, and greatly enjoyed, the acquaintance of Miss Farnham for eighteen years. At the first meeting, when introduced to her in Park Street Church, she impressed me as a truly beautiful woman. Her snowy hair, and the “crown of glory,” to which God’s Word gives honor, seemed one and the same to me. After an acquaintance of a little while, the family—Mr. Gilbert, Miss Farnham, and Mrs. Smith—became our fast friends. This friendship ripened into affection ; and our hearts have been both gladdened and saddened,—gladdened as the years have gone by, with so many delightful meetings, especially during the last four years at Sunnyside. Miss Farnham alone had love enough and life enough in her noble nature to have made any home a Sunnyside. She was both bright and buoyant. It never seemed to her any less natural to shine than it is for the sun. Meanwhile there was a steady serenity of soul which made mildness an atmosphere around her. And all these attractive and admirable traits were evidently the fruits of her vigorous and victorious Christian faith. Grace adorned and embellished what blood and birth began. She never, I am sure, made the heart of a friend sad, until she fell on sleep, and failed to wake at the call of human voices, because she had heard and obeyed the call from above. As a cloudless sunset, so her earthly life went out. But while she has joined the sinless, in the immediate society of her adorable Saviour, her dear ones here can but weep at such a deprivation as the loss of her visible society ; and most of all does the dear foster-son (our George Gilbert, her baby-charge from the day he was two

weeks old) weep over her vacant chair and the silence of her voice in his house. May the Everlasting Arm uphold him.

The Rev. Dr. J. Eames Rankin, President of Howard University, Washington, D. C., sends words of sympathy and happy reminiscence : —

My acquaintance with Miss Lavinia Farnham, now with the saints in glory, dates back to 1851, when I became superintendent of the Sunday-School in the Orthodox Congregational Church, North Andover, where she was one of the teachers. From that time till the day of her death, we have kept up an interchange of letters, visits, messages, more or less uninterrupted, but always of the most tender and affectionate nature. In 1851, she and her relatives were the spiritual and financial centre of that little church. Their home always had a guest-chamber for the Lord's servants and friends. Many a restful hour have I spent there, sometimes reading to Grandma Farnham, then passing her peaceful old age ; sometimes listening to her wise remarks and counsels. I can fill the house, bright, attractive, as it used to be before Grandpa and Grandma Farnham went ; before Mrs. Warren, that beautiful and queenly woman, was translated to the company of the glorified. The occupants were all cultivated, refined, hospitable Christian people, whom to know was to love, and to carry away in the memory with sweet thoughts.

Aunt Lavinia, as we always called her, was even then the same serene, brave-hearted, sunshiny personality as during her later life, though I think that advancing years have wonderfully mellowed and hallowed her nature. If any mortal I have ever known was ripe for heaven, I think that may be said of her. Through all the family sorrows she bore herself with a chastened equanimity, as though she said to her heart, "The cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" But the latter time, her patient and sweet and happy waiting when the Lord should come, seems indescribably attractive. No one can ever visit Sunnyside again without feeling that her presence left there a long perfume. There is where she sat by the window. Here are her choice spiritual volumes, where she found manna from heaven ; so that every day she seemed

to be girding her loins anew for the day's pilgrimage heavenward. It was the good providence of her life that the babe she took from his dying mother's arms, and fostered and brought up as her own son, became to her a ministering angel, so constant and untiring, so filial and provident was he to the very end.

In my own family we have a favorite daughter to whom we have given her name. This is a memorial and benediction to us all. But our most precious hope is that we may see her again, where certainly those who trust in the same Saviour will be permitted to join her company; for if heaven were needed for no one else, it must be for such celestial spirits as hers.

The Rev. Frank Haven Hinman, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, South Boston, fraternally and suggestively writes: —

It was my pleasure to be a member of the family of Mr. George H. Gilbert for a few days last fall. I say "member," for no one can visit there without becoming a member of the family. It was there I met Miss Farnham. To me she was the ideal picture of sweet old age. Her presence was a benediction to us all. I could not but think, as I sat with the family as the twilight settled upon us Saturday night, that, somehow, the darkness did not seem to gather around her at all. Her snowy white and beautiful hair appeared to me like a halo of glory which had the power of repelling shadows. I remember wondering then, her character was so lovely and her presence such a blessing, if God had not already opened the glories of eternity to her, which she was reflecting to us.

An ideal old age! Growing old gracefully! Growing sweet and beautiful as the days come and go! Ripening on and on until the end! Working Heaven over into earthly fibre until earth and Heaven meet in one, and Heaven absorbs all, both flesh and spirit! Such was Miss Lavinia Farnham to me, — an example of what God can do with human lives if we will only let Him have his way with us.

Earth has become a more holy place, Heaven a more blessed reality, for those few days last fall.¹

¹ The gifted and devoted friend, who penned these words from a full

From the Rev. O. P. Gifford, pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Chicago :—

The morning mail brings me the news of our sister's departure for a sunnier clime. As light mingles with light, her life will mingle with and be glorified by the light of the city that hath no need of the sun nor of the moon. My memory of her home is one of the pleasantest memories of a delightful summer in dear old New England.

A Christian home is indeed a house of God and a gate of Heaven; the light of it is Christ dwelling in and shining through the life surrendered to him. Miss Farnham's home was preëminently a Christian home, and Christ in her was the light of it; from her there streamed out in all directions a healing, helpful light. She was a living evidence of Christianity. Against such there is no law, no argument; her life was more than logic. She possessed the home as the soul possesses the body, filling it with her quiet presence. Her smile was a benediction, her voice a blessing. Quiet, unassuming, womanly, the few hours I knew her have made my life better, and added another reason why I long for the life beyond. Earth is poorer, heaven is richer, because she is called hence.

The Rev. Lewis Malvern, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Laconia, N. H., sends hearty words :—

I cannot allow the opportunity to pass unimproved of bearing my testimony to the beautiful Christian life and character of Miss Farnham, in whose memory you are to hold a service next Sunday morning, February 25th.

I wish it were possible to express in words the emotion and affection of our hearts,—words seem so cold when we wish to express our tenderest feelings and admiration, especially

heart, soon followed her of whom he here bears testimony into the land of the blessed. Cut down in the bloom of young manhood, he had done a work for Church and State in a ministry of extraordinary force and versatility, that left not only his own denomination but many of every name sorely bereaved. Memorial tributes were tenderly and eloquently paid by neighboring pastors in their pulpits and at a union service in the People's Church, Boston.

with respect to one so lovely and beautiful as Miss Farnham. When Laconia was much smaller than it is now, — about eighteen years ago, — it was my privilege to make the acquaintance, which has developed into strong friendship, of Mr. George H. Gilbert. He brought his dear aunts, Mrs. Smith and Miss Farnham, to spend a portion of their summers here. I very soon became acquainted with them. Indeed, as they were driven through our streets in their comfortable carriage, their snow-white locks and pleasant faces commanded the admiration of passers-by. While here, they were frequently members of my congregation. It was a rich benediction to have them as hearers. After the service they always waited to shake hands and give a word of encouragement which only a pastor can understand and appreciate. Many times, with my family, we would take a quiet tea with them at their hotel ; and should the birthday of either of the aunts occur at this time, it was fully kept ; not only by Mr. Gilbert and the other aunt, but all the guests of the hotel would enter into all the details, and help to honor the elect lady. These times we can never forget.

But the time came when journeying from home was too fatiguing for these dear ones ; hence Sunnyside, Winchester, Mass., was chosen, that they might be quiet the rest of their days ; but after a residence of two years, Mrs. Smith was taken, and after two more years the other dear aunt has gone home.

Sunnyside has always been that to me. The last visit is very vivid in my mind. Mr. Gilbert was not able to be up either to tea or breakfast. There was the hearty double welcome from Miss Farnham ; not only were there words of welcome, but looks that made a glad emphasis to the words. As I was sitting by Mr. Gilbert's bedside she came in to bid him a loving good-night. Her words of cheer and playful mirth cannot be erased from memory. At breakfast, the next morning, there was the same good-cheer and mirthfulness, as many little pleasantries passed between us. Retiring to the drawing-room for reading the Word and prayer, she united heartily in the prayer our Lord taught his disciples. As I was leaving, we stood together talking of the hopes of the future, and thus I bade her good-by. This was Tuesday, January

16th, and in less than four weeks she was taken to her Heavenly Home. I see her now as she stood in that room on that memorable morning, carriage erect, face of heavenly radiance, heart full of loving sympathy, and a life of personal loyalty to our Divine Redeemer. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift," that can make a life like this !

Such beautiful lives and scenes come to us but rarely in a lifetime, and they should be sacredly cherished. Never was there such an aunt-mother as she ; and we can say with equal truthfulness, never was there such a son-nephew as Mr. George H. Gilbert. Everything, in health or in illness, that love, affection, or money could do for this dear aunt was done, and the tender and beautiful obsequies rounded out all that love could do.

Miss Farnham having completed her Christian life on earth, going from "grace to grace," Heaven will be a continuance "from glory to glory," and the son-nephew can only cherish the sweetest of loving memories and so live as to meet his sainted aunt in Heaven.

Allow me to say, in closing, Miss Farnham loved her old church home in North Andover ; it seemed a comfort to her that she never removed her relationship from it. And may the dear pastor, and members of this church, find a new inspiration for Christian work in the thought that part of this church is on earth and part in heaven.

The Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, N. Y., contributes cordial testimony : —

Among the crowning blessings of my life has been my acquaintance with Miss Farnham. My every thought of her is associated with all that is most beautiful. Her sparkling eyes, her radiant face, her sweet, gentle voice were the expressions of a soul that was in love with God and with all the world. She was so perfectly natural in her religion ! There was no mannerism in it ; nothing mystical nor pietistic. It was all the spontaneous, unconscious outflow of a simple, strong, childlike trust in God, and good-will towards every creature of God. Beyond any person I have ever known,

excepting her own sister, she carried over into her old age every charm of childhood. In her presence I have many times recalled Hannah More's description of Mary Granville : "Time took very little from her graces or her liveliness, and at eighty-eight she had still the playful charm of eighteen." And yet one always felt that this glorified childhood of Miss Farnham's was a supreme grace of Christianity. However happy the temperament Nature had given her, one could not but see that the grace of Christ had crowned it with its own divine beauty.

Canon Kingsley in one of his letters asks, "Is it not strange that the only persons who appear to carry to the grave with them the joyousness, simplicity, and lovingness and trust of children are the most exalted Christians?" Miss Farnham, who in such a superlative way united in herself these qualities, never made it to appear strange. She was to me an "exalted Christian" because she was so natural. Somehow the eternal sunshine broke early into her heart, and it shone in every period of her life, "more and more unto the perfect day." The memory of this beautiful woman ought to fill every day of life with her own unflinching trust and cheer.

From the Rev. James E. McConnell, pastor of the College Congregational church, Northfield, Minn. : —

One year ago last August it was my privilege to spend a week in Mr. Gilbert's home, to enjoy his abounding hospitality and the companionship of his sainted and now crowned aunt. Mrs. McConnell and I count that week as one of the happiest of our lives. We both feel that we are the richer and the stronger for having known her who has just passed away from this world. The time would fail me to speak of the many noble qualities which Miss Farnham possessed, and which impressed themselves so vividly and indelibly upon our minds. Let me confine myself to one thought which has been often with me since I heard she had gone from us, and that is, the splendid natural and spiritual beauty of the woman. In the evening of the day when I heard of her departure (Sabbath, February 11) I was speaking to my people on "The Pearl of Great Price." I told them of the news that had just

come to me, — how a woman of sainted memory, eighty-seven years old, living in New England, had just passed away ; and I testified to them, as I do to you and to all unto whom these words shall come, that in her, among many other excellences, the ornamental aspect of the kingdom of heaven reached its consummation. Such a heavenly character and such a queenly presence I have nowhere seen. Those bright eyes, that sunny countenance, and stately bearing will no more be seen on earth. But by a great throng of people, of whom I am happy to count myself one, she will be remembered as a woman whose adornment was as that of the angels in heaven, because she had on the Pearl of Great Price.

May the dear Lord comfort those who mourn her loss, especially her loving and tender nephew, and may He enable us all to be better and do better for having known her.

Now New England friends speak again. The Rev. S. Lewis B. Speare, a resident and teacher here forty years ago, now of Newton, writes : —

“ Aunt Lavinia ” (as a wide circle in all lands, from ocean to ocean and under foreign skies, loved to call Miss Farnham) had many conspicuous excellences of mind, heart, and life. She saw life’s sunshine ; and glad of heart, in gratitude to the Giver of all good, she made others glad by the sweet contagion of her cheerfulness.

When a boy schoolmaster in the neighborhood of her home, it was a constant strength and inspiration for me to call with frequency, and enjoy the hospitality of featable and parlor, where Aunt Lavinia, the dear sister Mrs. Smith, and the sweet and benignant Mother Farnham always welcomed the newcomer as if a long-time friend. Had I been a relative of close family kinship, their kindness could not have been more thoughtful or unvarying. Where all were ministering spirits, now gratefully enshrined in a memory of more than twoscore years, it is easy to recall the alacrity with which the youngest hastened in bestowment of every attention possible to old-time hospitality and a home where ministers, divinity students, and teachers had, for years, found affectionate and generous welcome. How much all this fellowship was from

the heart is revealed in a recent remark of Aunt Lavinia to one who was a sharer of the hospitality of those days : " Mr. —, there has scarcely been a day, for forty years, in which I have not thought of you."

With all her sprightliness of spirits, Miss Farnham's religious life — perhaps because of it — was tenderly devout. Within a few months she listened with appreciative sympathy to the saying of Fanny Crosby, the blind singer of modern hymns, " I am glad I am blind, because the first face upon which I shall look will be my Lord and Saviour's."

Her love for Jesus was a loyalty that swayed her whole being. Missionary tidings, progress of the kingdom of the dear Master anywhere, were of personal interest to her as her cause. Her wide acquaintance with ministers was specially valued, not merely for reasons of personal esteem, — although no heart was ever more responsive than hers, — but because they were the servants of her divine Master, engaged in building his Kingdom in all the earth.

Her religion was deep and thorough, in grand currents beneath the surface ; hence the calmness and serenity of her daily life. Our dear friend longed for heaven because of its holiness. Such was her hunger and thirst for righteousness, one of her latest references to heaven's rest emphasized its privilege, because forever free from sin.

Sweetness, strength, and devotion are conspicuous qualities of the noble life translated to Eternity's golden shores, when the Master fulfilled his promise and came to receive Aunt Lavinia unto Himself and the dear ones gone before. That life speaks always of Jesus as Saviour and Shepherd. The church of her youth, which she loved to the last, and her kindred by blood and adoption, may walk in higher, sweeter beauties of holiness because of her example.

From the Rev. George Foster Prentiss, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Winsted, Conn. : —

It is with fond memory that I look back over the short but sweet friendship of that dear saint. I count it a great honor that I knew her, and that I am counted worthy to place with reverent finger a single fragrant flower in the wreath of memory you weave to-day for our beloved dead.

One of the brightest spots on earth to me is Sunnyside, and there the benignant shining of that saintly life was the sunniest ray of all. Surely Paradise is brighter to-day for the new lustre so lately entered in, and the brightness of yonder light makes the shadows the darker from the cloud that hangs between. Yet there is no sorrow of regret in our sadness, — only the sense of an infinite loneliness. Who can ever regret the Ascension journey when it means the coronation of a sanctified spirit?

The tale is told. Its telling has been like the gentle music of the breezes among the wood. We grieve that it is ended; and we who love the light are sad because the sun is darkened, because the moon and stars are in hiding. We who live and love tremble that “the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken.” We who love sweet harmonies shrink because the sweetest strain grows silent; still we would not forget that our weakened anthem means fuller, sweeter music in the land of song. She is entered into the ideal for which she lived. In the likeness of her King she is satisfied.

Memories of those golden days I spent in the beautiful Sunnyside come thick and fast as the flashes of frozen crystal outside the window; and when, perchance, as a “coming guest,” I turn my step again toward that home, I shall linger here and there almost expecting to see my friend advancing with queenly mien to speak fond welcome as of yore. And yet she cometh not, save in that radiant life which lives ever to make her memory blessed, and “over yonder” she waits to welcome those who in “the gloaming” shall find their light beyond the shadow. Waiting then, we take our staves again, lonely the while, yet not un comforted, and as one says “good-night” to the weary would-be sleeper, so we would say only “good-night” until *our* day dawns and *our* night-shadows fade.

From the Rev. Robert W. Wallace, pastor of the United Congregational Church, Newport, R. I. : —

I have learned that a service in memory of the late Miss Farnham is to be held by your church circle on Sunday next. Can you find room for a very brief word from one who knew

and loved her, and to whom her later life has taught a lesson which he would not willingly forget? That lesson is about growing old gracefully, and wearing the silver crown humbly and becomingly.

I suppose that but few of us who have reached life's meridian have failed to wonder, at times, what we shall be when active life shall be behind us, and a seat in the inglenook shall be placed for us. Shall we be fated to infirmity of body or mind, or both, and be a burden to others and to self, or shall we be free enough from the limitations so natural to age as to be able to make some real and rich contribution to the daily life about us? This last condition was the delightful lot of Miss Farnham, and to an unusual degree. At the table, by the fireside, during the daily summer drive, one could scarcely believe that she had to be credited with so many years. Her thorough entrance into what was interesting those about her made her a charming companion. She had very few closed doors between her and life, — hearing, sight, memory, animation being mercifully preserved. It was all so unique, so ideal, that one blessed God for so pleasant a picture of advanced years. I had a psalm and a hope every time I left Sunnyside.

May God keep us as sweet, as gentle, as thoughtful, as hopeful, as the latter days shall come, as He kept Miss Farnham! She did not have to wait for a crown; she wore a crown among us here, and we all thought that her crown sat well on her brow.

From the Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church, Worcester : —

How heartily and how happily I say Miss Farnham was my friend! I count it a blessed Providence that brought her sweet spirit into my life. Kindred spirits do not require long acquaintance for ripened friendship. I saw her not often, yet felt the spell of her radiant soul, never to forget it. Christ repeated his life in her to a most remarkable degree. Her touch was gently, sweetly thrilling as are the kisses of the sunbeams; her voice, tuned to celestial harmonies, was music; her smile was sanctifying; her welcome

was an inspired invitation, her farewell a gracious benediction. Though vanished from our sight for a little time, she is ours still. We shall be satisfied when we awake with the likeness of Jesus and hold happy communion with those who, having victoriously ascended, await our "home-coming."

From the Rev. M. C. Julien, Pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, New Bedford : —

I learned to-day, for the first time, of the death of Miss Farnham, of Winchester. The news comes to me with peculiar tenderness at this time, because less than a month ago my dear old mother breathed her last of earth, and was laid at rest in Greenwood. Although my acquaintance with Miss Farnham was very brief, yet somehow she impressed both Mrs. Julien and myself with the feeling that we had known her well. I am inclined to think that this was the natural and necessary result of association with her.

In beginning this letter I was about to refer to my knowledge of her death by using the conventional term "the sad news ;" but when I recall the picture which lies in my memory of her bidding us good-by, I feel that it is not quite right to associate the thought of sadness with her departure. Her gentleness and peculiar grace of courtesy gave a very real and spiritual appropriateness to the name of her last earthly dwelling-place, — Sunnyside ; yet it seemed to me that there were evidences in her face and manner, which her life confirmed, of strength of character and of the higher aspiration, which made this world only her place of tarrying. And so to-day, in my own hour of sorrow, I think of this dear lady, with her sunny face and thoughtful eyes, crowned with the whitened glory of the years, entering into the Father's house. She has, indeed, faded from our earthly sight ; but the picture which remains in the memory of those who knew her, and especially of him who was ever more than a nephew to her, is itself the divine promise of the glad reunion in the home above. Meanwhile let us bear the witness of that Christian faith which holds that the only true and lasting side of life, for the children of God, is the sunny side.

From the Rev. William Edwards Park, D. D., pastor of the Congregational Church, Gloversville, N. Y. :—

I learn with great interest that you intend to hold a memorial service in honor of your former church-member, the late Miss Lavinia Farnham. She was, during her latest days, I am told, the last survivor of the original members of your church. I was brought up on Andover Hill, and well remember that church in my childhood, and often heard its second pastor, Rev. Mr. Briggs, preach by exchange in the Andover Chapel. In later life, I had one of your predecessors — Rev. B. F. Hamilton — for a ministerial neighbor, and frequently preached to your congregation by exchange with him. I doubt whether I then met Miss Farnham in the audience, for I think that she had left North Andover before that time. I can recall seeing her on several occasions in her princely residence on the summit of the hill ; but I met her more often at Sunnyside, the residence of her nephew, Mr. George H. Gilbert, at Winchester. I need not say how deeply I was impressed with a sense of the sweetness and dignity of her character. Her acute intelligence and thorough refinement of nature will always be remembered by me. Amid the great variety of characters which a person in professional life is obliged to meet, it is a keen pleasure to become acquainted with one so lovely, unselfish, and withal so mentally able as was Miss Farnham. Please give my sympathy to all her surviving friends in your church, and accept it for yourself. Probably she was never your parishioner ; but I believe that the influence which she left behind her when she quitted North Andover has remained as a living power in your church. I doubt not that she indirectly did much to sustain your ministry even while she was absent from you and you personally saw but little of her. I have lost lately several of my best and strongest church-members by death. They lived to a good old age, and the close of their lives and work had been long foreseen. Some forty new members, mostly young persons, have lately been added to the church, but the gap does not seem to be filled. It takes time, and a good deal of it, to form a rich and ripe church-member, like the one for whom your people are now mourning.

With deep sympathy for yourself and your congregation, I remain, with many personal memories of your church and of its pastor during his college days, very sincerely yours.

From the Rev. Charles L. Jackson, Evangelist,
Boston :—

One of the providences of my life for which I am profoundly grateful to our heavenly Father was the one which brought me for a brief ten days into contact with the rare Christian spirit of Miss Lavinia Farnham, at the home of her now bereaved nephew, Mr. George H. Gilbert, of Winchester, Mass. The first thing that impressed me in that hospitable home was the perfect devotion of the nephew to his aged aunt, — a devotion which was certainly fully reciprocated by her, and which was not surprising to me once I came to know her ; for she came as nearly realizing an ideal old age as any one whom I have ever known. Indeed, the expression “old age” seems almost out of place in speaking of her, for though she was “old, and stricken in years,” yet, like the Psalmist, her youth seemed to be “renewed like the eagle’s.” Her physical health was delicate, for it was but three months before her death ; but the perfect health of her soul seemed to impart itself in some strange way to her body. Hers was a sort of transfigured old age. The radiant spirit that tenanted that fragile body shone through the thin veil of the flesh, kindling in me some thought of what life must be in that pure realm where the burden of materiality is forever laid aside. And to me the beauty of it all was that that transfigured life was the result of a simple, perfect, childlike trust in Jesus Christ. Like Moses, she wist not that her face shone. She was beautifully unconscious of the glory that lingered in her face from her lonely communings with God upon the mount.

How blessed it is to be assured that such a life has not ceased to be ! How blessed to cherish the hope of meeting that bright spirit again in the deathless City of God !

Beloved, could Miss Farnham speak, she would ask of your spiritual welfare. The life that has enriched so many lives must enrich ours by the memory of it.

These letters are not eulogies ; they are noble hearts' testimonies coming spontaneously and warmly. They fully justify the text chosen to-day and the application of the thought in the words, "The glory of Christ reflected in his disciples." This glory is not a glitter or a mere halo ; it is an inner quality, — something of Christlikeness in character. It is faith shining, love glowing, and hope beaming through the living, loving, saving Redeemer. This was Miss Farnham's glory reflected from her Saviour. It is ours to reflect like glory of character in the measure of our opportunity and capacity. To the church she "loved so well" she has left a priceless spiritual legacy.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

From Mr. BENJAMIN ARMSTRONG FARNHAM,¹ Sing Sing, N. Y. :

SING SING, February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — The receipt of dear Mary's [Mrs. Bliss] letter, only a few minutes before your telegram was brought to me, announced an impressive event which I was prepared to hear. My good and very dear sister has crossed the golden line in the joy and fullness of spiritual life. Her departure has been so gentle and gradual, and her faith so full and strong, that to me it appears like one who, falling into peaceful sleep at night, on awakening in the morning, finds herself still with those whom she has ever most tenderly loved and cherished. The good never die, and the personal life is not affected by what is called death. The vacant chair never leads me to feel the absence, while love keeps alive the interest and presence of its former occupant.

Notwithstanding I have such views, which to me are exceedingly comforting and assuring, I sympathize most deeply with you in this time of sorrow and bereavement ; for I know how pure and unselfish the love has been that has sanctified the devotion which has mutually subsisted

¹ Mr. Farnham is eighty-three years of age, and the only surviving member of a family of eight. He was the sixth in order of birth, Miss Farnham the fourth, and the youngest was Phebe Johnson Farnham (Mrs. Gilbert, mother of Mr. George H. Gilbert), who entered into rest May 7, 1841, in her twenty-fifth year, when Mr. Gilbert was but fourteen days old. She has sweetly lived to her only son in the praises of those who loved her and cherish her memory. His aunt was all to him that a mother could have been.

between you, and which, for a time, we know not how long, cannot be audibly expressed, while the silver thread remains severed. I hope to leave for Winchester by an early train Monday. In the bonds of sympathy and love for you and Mary, we are truly a united household, which you would believe, I know, were you not assured by your affectionate uncle,

B. A. FARNHAM.

From the Rev. WILLIAM T. BRIGGS, second pastor of the North Andover Church: —

EAST DOUGLAS, February 13, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Your telegram, just received, casts a shadow upon my path. She whom I knew so well, who so cheered my early pastorate, whose unfailing kindness while one of the family I never can forget, — she is no longer with us. I sorrow not that she is forever safe in heaven, but, most of all, that “we shall see her face no more.” When her sainted sister left us, I felt quite sure that they would not long be separated. They had shared each other’s joys and griefs so fully; they had lived so pleasantly and sweetly together; they were so nearly one, it seemed fit that, in their deaths, they should not be greatly divided. Your aunt and Mrs. Smith always appear before me as beautiful examples of the Christian life. I speak what I know when I say that their Christian spirit shone in the home as well as in the prayer-meeting. The world is better — who can tell how much? — for their having lived in it.

I need not say that your devotion to both your aunts ever filled me with admiration, particularly the well-nigh filial affection for your Aunt Lavinia. Toward you she was tender as a mother, while you have been like a son to her. It certainly will afford a lifelong satisfaction that you did what you could, and so cheerfully, to make her last days full of sunshine.

When your telegram was received, I said at once,

"I will attend the funeral service on Wednesday." But the storm came, and I am disappointed.

Please remember me affectionately to Mrs. Bliss, John [J. H. D. Smith], and Henry [H. F. Smith]. Mrs. Briggs joins in tender sympathy. Let us look forward to the glad meeting where "all tears shall be wiped away."

Sincerely,

WM. T. BRIGGS.

From the Rev. CHARLES R. BLISS, Western Secretary of the American Education Society : —

CHICAGO, February 10, 1894.

DEAR GEORGE, — The telegram which I feared would be sent came this morning ; and most deeply do I sympathize with you in your great sorrow. We all share it, and feel most keenly the departure of dear Aunt Lavinia. She has been a precious aunt to us all. During the nearly forty years that I have known her, she has been the same kind, courteous, Christian gentlewoman. Her pleasant smile and hearty welcomes, her kind and genuine interest in that which was dear to others, and her love for everything that was Christian, impressed me from the first, and it was a deep joy to me to count her among my most precious friends.

What a comfort it must be to you that, to the very last, her faculties were clear, and her interest in life remained, and her Christian faith was unclouded ! What peculiar joy you must feel in having been permitted to make a home for the two now sainted sisters whose memory will be to us all such a rich legacy forever ! I know well how sore your heart must be to-day ; but there are great compensations which you have a right to appropriate to yourself.

Though I weep with you, I congratulate you that so much of comfort came to them through you. I have no doubt that you will feel that one of your chief ends in life has suddenly ceased to be ; but do not forget that

the good Lord often shows his goodness most when the heart is most completely prostrate.

Whether I can be with you on the sad day of the funeral is now uncertain. Many duties press upon me. But whether I am there in person or not, you may be sure that I shall be in spirit.

In much sorrow,

I am truly yours,

CHARLES R. BLISS.

From Miss SARAH M. N. CUMMINGS, whose father, Rev. Asa Cummings, D. D., was pastor of the Congregational Church, North Yarmouth, Me., where Miss Farnham first made public confession of Christ : —

SAN FRANCISCO, February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — Your telegram, received a few hours ago, was scarcely a surprise, although I have heard nothing to cause me to feel that my beloved cousin was about to journey hence. I imagine the greatness of your sorrow in seeing only the form without the smile of welcome which always greeted you ; and yet I cannot bring myself to speak of her departure as sad. I feel that, except for leaving you, the attractions of the home beyond the river were manifold more than those on this side. She not only “sees the King in his beauty,” but all the loved ones who went before her came to conduct her to his presence. She has seen yours and mine. Oh, how many of them there are ! Let us rejoice in their gladness though the place is desolate on earth.

I said I was not surprised. I sat by the fire, after breakfast, knitting on some edging, and her form and dear Susan’s were very present to me. I see them now almost, it seems, with my bodily eyes ; and I do not think the vision will ever leave me, though it may be sometimes hidden by others. It is a very pleasant one, and the memory of the few days of my last visit to you will always be fragrant with remembrances of you both. I

wish for you all the consolation of Him who is afflicted in all our afflictions, and that the love and care which you have bestowed upon your dear aunt may find an object which shall draw you closer still to Him.

Your affectionate cousin,

SARAH M. N. CUMMINGS.

From the Rev. CHARLES R. BLISS, of Chicago, to Mrs. Bliss : —

CHICAGO, February 14, 1894.

It is now one o'clock (two at Winchester), and I suppose the funeral services are just commencing. Aside from writing this letter I shall do nothing during this hour, but my thoughts will be with you. I shall think of mother and Aunt Lavinia as together, for I have always joined them in my thought, and they now seem especially near each other. I think of them as I first knew them, and as I have so often seen them since, — always full of kindness and welcomes to me, as they were to every one. They will always remain with me as a blessed memory, making life better, sweeter, and nobler. I now think of them as simply having changed their home. They themselves have not changed in the main features of their characters ; and were we to see them to-day, I do not suppose they would surprise us by any great transformation. They would be more ethereal, more free from earthly frailties, and we should not see them under the physical pressure and weakness which was so manifest, but we should see just the same faithful and loving souls that we knew so well. I know we shall all keep them in mind in just that way ; and if we do not ourselves live better and gentler lives, it will not be their fault.

I should like much to hear Dr. Withrow's words over the casket of dear Aunt Lavinia ; I am sure they will be touching and true. I should like also to hear others who may speak, and to meet all the friends who may

assemble. Such a desire came over me this morning to be one of the sorrowful number that I felt regret that I did not leave my work here and go. But it does not on the whole matter very much. I am not so far away as to be absent in sympathy, and the prayer will rise as readily from Chicago as from Winchester. May God bless George in this saddest day of his life, and give him the richest consolations of his presence and peace. And so may his love which brings no sorrow come to each dear friend. . . .

From the Rev. I. FAYETTE PETTIBONE, D. D., Auburndale, forty years missionary of the American Board in Constantinople:—

AUBURNDALE, April 18, 1894.

DEAR GEORGE, — My memory of Aunt Lavinia goes back to the time of my entrance on my course of theological study at Andover in 1851. During the whole course (three years) I was connected with the Sunday-School in the North Parish, where she was also a teacher. Her work there was a labor of love. A warm attachment grew up between her and the classes that during many successive years came under her instruction. As the result of her faithful, prayerful efforts, almost all, if not all, her pupils were brought into the fold of Christ.

What a blessed aunt she was! I am continually thinking that, like John, she was a disciple that Jesus especially loved. I never heard an unkind expression from her lips. She was always a cheerful Christian. All who knew her loved her. They can never forget her sweet, quiet, spiritual face; it will ever remain in memory as a benediction.

In affection and sympathy yours,

I. F. PETTIBONE.

From the Rev. S. BOURNE, pastor, Bedford Park Congregational Church, New York : —

BEDFORD PARK, NEW YORK CITY, March 15, 1894.

MR. GEORGE H. GILBERT.

VERY DEAR SIR, — Allow me to thank you, at this late day, for the papers sent me relating to the death of our very dear friend, Miss Farnham. She was a saint indeed. How bright and beautiful are the memories of her ! The thought of meeting her in heaven makes that blessed abode more attractive. The influence of her life on others is wonderful. "Being dead she yet speaketh." For example, last Sunday evening, in an address to young people, I illustrated my subject by the beautiful life of Miss Lavinia Farnham. Little did she think, when I first saw her, in 1850, in her quiet country home, that her name would be mentioned in a public discourse, and her example held up for imitation far away. Her modesty would have been shocked. You are blessed in having had the privilege of ministering to two such saints as Mrs. Smith and Miss Lavinia Farnham.

May we be so happy as to reach their heaven, and leave this world better and happier for our having lived in it.

Yours in much sympathy,

S. BOURNE.

From the Rev. EDMUND K. ALDEN, D. D., seventeen years Secretary of the American Board : —

BOSTON, April 16, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I thank you for your favor of the 14th inst., and for your kind invitation to write a word in remembrance of your revered aunt, who has recently been called from you, and whom I was once permitted to meet, at your pleasant home, with her older sister. I shall never forget that visit, nor the pleasure I received in looking upon those two venerable saints and hearing them bear testimony to the presence of the

Lord, who had cared for them so long, and whom they so devoutly loved and adored. They seemed so youthful in heart that I thought their prospect for completing a century of earthly life was good. But God has ordered otherwise, and we may be sure that they found a great company of the friends of other years waiting for them upon the other side. It is pleasant for me to find upon the roll of the church of which I was pastor more than forty years ago — the First Church of Yarmouth, Me. — the name of your aunt Lavinia Farnham, received, on confession of her faith, May 1, 1831; dismissed to the church in North Andover, August 17, 1834. Among those who were received on confession of faith upon the same day, I find the names of several who were among the "faithful and true" in my pastoral charge of the same church from 1850 to 1854. I think that all of the somewhat large number who together acknowledged Christ upon that memorable Sabbath have been called to their heavenly home.

I think of you in your present solitude, and rejoice that you have the remembrance of so many years, when you watched over your revered and beloved relatives with a filial devotion, to abide with you as a perpetual joy. I am sorry that your own health is not of the strongest, and trust that you may soon be restored to a good degree of comfort.

If I am in your vicinity, you may be sure that I shall avail myself of your kind invitation and call upon you.

I remain yours most truly,

E. K. ALDEN.

From the Rev. S. J. HUMPHREY, D. D., late District Secretary of the American Board, Chicago: —

CHICAGO, May 26, 1894.

I exceedingly regret that the picture of the North Andover Sunday-School, of which I was Superintendent in 1850, and in which Miss Lavinia Farnham was a

central figure, has in these intervening forty-four years grown so dim. I have always retained the impression, still vivid, of a *presence* pervading the church and the home, — a gentle, bright, genial presence, winning, attractive, and withal spiritual, which seemed to be the inspiring power of the school and of all connected with it. It is my misfortune that I never saw her afterward. But there are eternal years, and a Father's many mansions, and in the coming "fullness of joy" nothing will be sweeter than a reunion with such saintly ones of whose gracious souls we caught but a glimpse in these mortal years.

Very cordially yours,

S. J. HUMPHREY.

From the Rev. JOHN COLBY, late pastor, Congregational Church,
South Natick: —

FITZWILLIAM, N. H., April, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I learned of the death of our dear friend, Aunt Lavinia, with great sorrow; and I could not but feel a deep sympathy for you, in the departure from your home of one whose presence was a benediction. I became acquainted with our dear friend in the early days of seminary life, in the home at North Andover, in which, after good Dea. and Mrs. Farnham were taken to their reward, she and her companion-sister for so many years, and no less dear to me, were the elders. That home seemed to me an ideal one. It was lovely in its surroundings, and more lovely within in its culture, large and cordial hospitality, and Christian spirit and fellowship. Having a class in the Sabbath-School, two of whose members were members of that home, it was my great privilege to share largely in the welcome of its Christian hospitality. The kindness in word and act from its members was too great to be forgotten, or remembered without deepest gratitude. Many of the seminary students of that time, especially those

who had classes in the North Andover Sabbath-School, in their intercourse with the members of that home, were treasuring stores for pleasant memory.

Our dear friend, so recently taken from your home, was "Aunt Lavinia" to us all. She never denied us that privilege. To have addressed her as "Miss Farnham," or to have spoken of her to each other in that way, would not have responded to our appreciation of her sincere interest in and sympathy with us, and her many helpful encouragements. She was beloved and will be remembered by us as "Aunt Lavinia." She was that and more to many of us.

Since those seminary days, I have rarely met with my good friend. Those meetings have been more rare than I desired or purposed; but they have been seasons of great enjoyment and profit. There were ever manifest the kindly interest, the warmth of expression of the true friend, and the inspiring words and spirit of the true Christian hope. Aunt Lavinia and the dear sister with whom she walked so many years of life are almost inseparably joined in my thoughts. Often have they been before me, for my joy and strength, as walking together in the truest sisterly affection, happy in the associations of this life, loving and beloved by many old friends and new; never growing old, but ripening for this world and the next; living in the best sense in the world that now is, but "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Their hope of the life eternal — the home without the shadows of weakness and pain — spoke in their words, shone in their faces, and entered into all their every-day relations and experiences.

My dear sir, many friends will sympathize with you in the loss of those so dear to you and to us. They will also congratulate you that they were with you for so many years, whose presence and Christian counsel

and hope were, in the truest sense, helpful for both worlds.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN COLBY.

From the Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D., President of Howard University : —

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

February 11, 1894.

DEAR GEORGE, — We all feel for you very deeply. You have surrendered your long charge, so sacredly kept, to the angels. It does not seem strange to say that she has gone to heaven, because she was so fit to go there; her trust in the Saviour had been so protracted and entire; his grace in her character and life had been so manifest. She was beautiful in her life. To you a mother, and you more than a son to her. God ordered it so, that you motherless, and that she childless, should round out so many years together. And she, too, has surrendered her charge, and gone — can we doubt it? — to hear from her Saviour, and from your own mother, perhaps, words of approval as to that early ministry to you in your infancy and boyhood.

May God comfort you in your loneliness, and reward you for your unselfish devotion, and bring us all to that fellowship which is sweeter since Aunt Lavinia entered upon it.

Dr. Pettibone is here. His first words were : “ Then I shall never see her again ! ” He was soon going North. Well, we will hope we shall all see her in that sainted form which the Lord’s glorified ones are sure to take.

Mrs. Rankin sends sympathy, and we should be glad to see you here. Do you not need just such a change ?

Affectionately yours,

J. E. RANKIN.

From the Rev. S. LEWIS B. SPEARE : —

NEWTON, February 13, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Your tender and kind message brings me the sad tidings that last Saturday, as the holy Sabbath was approaching, your dear Aunt Lavinia entered upon her unending Sabbath. Nothing could be more fitting as to the time of transition. Any day would have been timely to one whose life in earth had so much of Heaven in its meditations, words, and deeds, as did hers ; but, for us who remain, it is delightful to think of Aunt Lavinia's rest and joy in going to a perfect Sabbath when earth's brief day of rest and worship was so near with its sweet and hallowed suggestions. Yes, my dear friend, through all the shadows left upon your home and pathway by the going from sight of this last of the loved kindred who have been so long the comfort of your life, and to whom you have so gladly ministered, I am sure a bright light from Heaven penetrates and brings you peace and strength. You have golden memories, but your faith can rest sweetly in glad visions of present bliss into which your beloved aunt has followed her many kindred. There is the real life, and, I am sure, you are now living in that as never before. We sit with you in the shadow, but the light breaketh ; and we thank God for giving us, for so many years, the sweet, joyous, and helpful life whose passing from earth leaves so many inspirations of hope and faith, and strengthens every best purpose.

But Miss Farnham's coming to earth, as well as her going from it, had a most interesting coincidence. She was also born on Saturday, August 16, 1806, — the same year and month, and it may be the same day, of the prayer-meeting at the Haystack in Williamstown, which was of a Saturday, and in which Foreign Missions received new impulse and largely their birth. Recalling

her devotion to missions from youth, her eager reading of the "Missionary Herald," her wide acquaintance with and love for missionaries, and her systematic contributions, we cannot but remember the coincidence with grateful interest. The years of her life are a measure of American missions in foreign lands, and her interest in the cause kept pace with its fullest growth.

Doubtless those heroic students of Williams College prayed that friends of missions might be raised up and multiplied. Who shall say that their prayers did not find answer in the life so nearly, perhaps precisely, contemporaneous with the work beginning as they prayed!

Glorious the campaigns for Christ and souls in all the zones between the two Saturdays, — the one August 16, 1806, on which Miss Farnham was born; the other, February 10, 1894, when she passed to rest. We are sure that her present joy thrills in Heaven's revelations of what has already been achieved and in their prophecy of grand fulfillments soon to follow.

The days will soon pass when, my dear Mr. Gilbert, the same joy will be ours if, in like manner, we love and serve the Master. With you, I am thankful for the help that will come, day by day, from remembering her who loved her friends so tenderly while here, and who may now know that she is helping us.

Affectionately yours,

S. LEWIS B. SPEARE.

From Miss MARY A. PAGE, whose father, Rev. Jesse Page, was the first pastor of the North Andover Congregational Church: —

ATKINSON, N. H., March 7, 1894.

MR. GEORGE H. GILBERT.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am very grateful to you, as I presume it is to you I am indebted for the beautiful tributes to your Aunt Lavinia. 'Truly her memory is blessed!

They have also been extremely interesting to my aunt, whose acquaintance with your mother and her family dates back almost sixty years. She is very well for eighty-two, and we have often spoken of going from Boston to Winchester, some pleasant day, to call on you all.

Mrs. Manny, formerly of your neighborhood, who has been living in Atkinson several years, has often told us of Sunnyside and the loving interest felt at Winchester in all your family.

We should be pleased to see you here at any time. I suppose you sometimes visit your cousin, Mrs. Duncan, living almost in sight of us.

Truly your friend,

M. A. PAGE.

From the Rev. JOHN L. WITHROW, D. D., pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago: —

CHICAGO, February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — I have just sent my despatch in answer to your sad message, — sad on our side, most sad for your own heart. But for her what a day this 10th of February is! Her first in heaven! I delight to think of her rapture when she first looked upon the face of Him whom she so sweetly loved. If that same smile she so brightened her home with here went with her into his presence, cannot you imagine the heavenly company stopping and gazing at her? How few souls were ever so pure as her virgin life! It was always a benediction to hear her speak. By this time, after six hours now since she entered in to “go no more out forever,” she has, I suppose, been installed in the mansion which has been preparing for her. I wish mine may be near hers when, by and by, He shall come and take me unto Himself. More than that, I do hope we may be all in near proximity, — she and you and we who have loved you more and more dearly as the days have gone by.

Monday morning we will start, expecting to reach Boston Tuesday afternoon. Wednesday morning we will go to Winchester, and do whatever you, dear George, will wish to have us do. We feel as if we must somehow take you to ourselves.

Yours ever,

J. L. WITHROW.

From the Rev. DAVID GREGG, D. D., pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., former pastor of Park Street Church, Boston: —

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 26, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I have heard with sorrow the news of the death of our dear friend, Miss Farnham. We are never ready for such tidings. The story of her going, which you so kindly sent me, has brought the loved one vividly before me as I saw her in the days of yore in old Park Street Church, Boston.

Miss Farnham was a perfect type of a magnificent New England woman. She was highly endowed by nature, both physically and mentally, and she was grandly cultured by grace, morally and spiritually. The result was, she gave the world a beautiful life, the holy influences of which worked for both God and man well-nigh a complete century. Hers was a unique life, and it was one that was chief among ten thousand human lives for fullness and for quality. I heartily thank God for her life, and for the privilege of sweet fellowship with her.

I wish to express my high appreciation and my gratitude for your loving and tender devotion to her who has so lately been crowned. You have given the human loves of life an attractive incarnation, and the friendships of life a veritable transfiguration. The devotion of no loyal son could surpass your loving devotion to your honored aunt. Let us so live the Christ-life, which she lived when among us, that we may join her in the glory-life to which the Christ-life leads.

Mrs. Gregg wishes me to express her sympathy for you in your loss. She loved your aunt tenderly and deeply.

Sympathetically yours,

DAVID GREGG.

From the Rev. HORACE H. LEAVITT, seventh pastor of the North Andover Congregational Church, now of Somerville:—

CAMBRIDGE, February 21, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT,—I was always glad to see your aunts in our service at North Andover, knowing that the best I had to offer the people was what they would most welcome. Their faces, too, were an inspiration. Knowing that their hearts were shown forth in their faces, it was the greater delight to look upon them. I knew that none were more responsive to any successes we might be having in the church, especially spiritual successes. They loved holy things. Their generation has almost entirely passed away, and the world seems bereft in such losses. It is delightful to think that heaven is to be peopled with such choice spirits, the wonderful work of Christ's redemption.

We of our generation are rapidly passing to the last stage of our life here, and we shall ere long be gathered to our fathers. Shall we leave as great a vacancy as your aunts have?

I have rejoiced in your tender and devoted love for these aunts, and in the happy home you have made for them, as they for you.

You cannot but be very lonely. I hope before very long to call upon you in your home. I learned from your pastor how poorly you are. I hope that not only the memory of these dear ones, but the comforting ministration of the Divine Spirit, will be in your loneliness the opening of a brighter and more beautiful world.

Sincerely yours,

H. H. LEAVITT.

From the late Rev. FRANK HAVEN HINMAN, called to Heaven from South Boston, Fourth Presbyterian Church (see note, p. 40) : —

SOUTH BOSTON, February 14, 1894.

MR. GEORGE H. GILBERT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was exceedingly shocked when your telegram was handed to me last night at nine o'clock. I had been away from home for two days, and that made your message over twenty-four hours late to me. Were it not for this fact, I should be at the funeral to-day, for I could have made certain necessary arrangements which would have made it possible. I am very sorry that I cannot be there. I would like to have done this much to show my appreciation of one who made so deep an impression upon me, in so short a time, for purity and sweetness of character and all those graces which make up the true Christian. I value, more than I can state, the picture which I have here, upon which is written, "Your friend, Lavinia Farnham." I have told Mrs. Hinman so much about her that she was very anxious to meet her; and only last week we were planning to come and see you and the Barnards. But now it is too late as far as she is concerned. Rest assured that our hearts go out to you at this time. You must be more than comforted to know that you have done all in your power to make her life a happy one. May God's richest blessings rest upon you in this trying hour.

Your friend,

FRANK HAVEN HINMAN.

From the Rev. GEORGE FOSTER PRENTISS, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Winsted, Conn. : —

WINSTED, CONN., February 11, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — The message, bearer of sorrow to us, came just as the church-bells were sum-

moning us to worship, so very soon after the bells on heavenly turrets had rung the glad welcome of the ransomed to our sainted friend, Miss Farnham; and the crowning of the queen has come at last. Who more worthy than she! No shadow is on her sun. The *cloudless* sky is the canopy of her coronal throne. She is in the Homeland. We mourn *our* loss, but felicitate her upon the grace and fullness of *her* triumph. What must heaven be with such as she!

My dear friend, what will you do without her? Sunnyside has lost a royal ray of light. Were it possible, our presence with you should testify to our devotion to her and our affection for you. Be comforted with the comfort of the Divine One. Rest in the precious thought that there cometh a morning in whose bright shining we shall discover her, never again to lose the sanctifying presence. Mrs. Prentiss joins me in the heart's best sympathy and prayer.

Sincerely and affectionately,

GEORGE FOSTER PRENTISS.

From the Rev. JOHN J. BLAIR, pastor of the Congregational Church, Wallingford, Conn., and former pastor of the Old South Church, Andover, Mass.:—

WALLINGFORD, CONN., February 13, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot tell you how my heart goes out to you in this your latest affliction. I have felt anxious about your health for a long time, but it did not occur to me that your sweet aunt could be taken from you. Your loneliness must be inexpressible, yet there will ever be to you the precious satisfaction of having constantly contributed to her happiness. I wish it were possible for me to give personal expression to my regard for you, and respect for your kinswoman, by being present at Sunnyside on Wednesday; but we are in the fret and discomfort of getting settled, and have

had the doctor in attendance much of the time since we arrived. All are better now, and the outlook is full of hard work ; but I am so much better, I do not shrink from it. We expect to get into the parsonage this week, and it will give me always great pleasure to welcome you to our home. I appreciate your never-failing kindness to me since I first knew you. May God bless you always, and comfort your sad heart.

Truly your friend,

JOHN J. BLAIR.

From Mrs. HENRIETTA BLAIR, wife of Rev. John J. Blair: —

WALLINGFORD, CONN., February 23, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — My good husband, who is ill to-day, wishes me to tell you how sorry he is not to be able to respond to your kind request concerning the memorial service at North Andover. You know how tenderly and truly he appreciated the lovely life of your precious aunt. I wish you could have heard him speak of her to me after his return from Sunnyside, where her sweet presence was such a benediction ! You know, too, how gladly he would do or say anything that would be of comfort to you ; but he is really quite ill, and my heart has been heavy with apprehension, though the physician hopes soon to have him about again.

We think of you in your loneliness and sorrow with truest sympathy, feeling thankful that a life so beautiful was spared to you so many years, and that you so lovingly ministered to every wish of the dear one that the memory of these years of affectionate service can be only blessed to you.

Praying that physical strength may soon be yours in large measure, and divinest peace be with you,

With love from the entire family,

Most heartily your friend,

HENRIETTA BLAIR.

From the Rev. WILLIAM EDWARDS PARK, D. D., pastor of the
First Congregational Church, Gloversville, N. Y. : —

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., February 10, 1894.

MR. GEORGE H. GILBERT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your telegram containing the sad tidings of your aunt's death has just reached me. Let me express my sympathy for you in the hour of this great bereavement. How vividly I remember your honored relative ! The bright intelligence of her mind, and the sweetness and dignity of her character, will never be forgotten by me. My first thought was that you must feel very lonely when deprived of the last of the two relations who have been like mothers to you, and for whom your own care and affection has been like that of a son. But I trust that there is One who will ever be with you in this time of earthly trial. I wish that I could attend your aunt's funeral ; but there is a powerful revival in progress in our church, and the extra meetings will keep me at home.

With the keenest sympathy for you in your great bereavement, I remain,

Very sincerely your friend,

W. E. PARK.

From the Rev. A. Z. CONRAD, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church, Worcester : —

WORCESTER, February 20, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND GILBERT, — Heaven grows richer. Another immaculate flower adds beauty to the hills of Paradise. The fragrance and sweetness of that life linger with me. I thank God for the sanctifying touch. Oh, the blessedness of true Christlikeness ! A glimpse of the radiant beauty of her face was a suggestion of Heaven itself. So calm, so exalted, so triumphant was the expression of that beaming face ! My dear friend,

my whole heart enters into your bereavement. Your lives had become beautifully intertwined. I was in Florida when the word came, or I should have been with you. Mrs. Conrad joins in affectionate and sympathetic regards.

Ever faithfully,

A. Z. CONRAD.

From the Rev. GEORGE B. SPALDING, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, N. Y. : —

SYRACUSE, February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR, DEAR GEORGE, — While getting ready my sermon, the telegram telling of your dear aunt's withdrawal from earth came to me. It seemed, for a time, that the heavenly gate through which she went stood wide open for a while, and in the great light I beheld again the faces of those sisters, smiling with more than their wonted brightness, as together, arm in arm, they swept up the golden street. In all sense of loss comes a great unspeakable joy at the thought of such beautiful lives and of most blessed reunion. And, dear George, even your tears are sweet to you as you think of how tenderly you sheltered with your ever-faithful love and constant thoughtfulness these saints of God. I never saw one more loving in ministries to others than you were to them ; and they knew it all, and were so happy in it all !

My heart goes out for you very greatly, for I am thinking that this event will perhaps bring outward changes as well as deep feeling of loss. I want to see you very much. Unusual duties press me for the coming week, so that I cannot go to you. My wife unites with me in fullest sympathy. May Christ and his comforts be very near to you.

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE B. SPALDING.

From the Rev. JAMES E. MCCONNELL, pastor of the Congregational Church, Northfield, Minn. : —

NORTHFIELD, MINN., February 12, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Your telegram announcing the sad news was received yesterday morning. So the blessed presence has gone from your and our sight. It is so hard to realize that it is so ! We had hoped and expected to see Miss Farnham again on earth. But the dear Father has taken her to his own house and home. How lonely you must be without her ! But what a blessed privilege to have been permitted to keep her so long ! It seems as though the memory of her, and of the week that Mrs. McConnell and I spent at your home, is one of the very brightest spots in our lives. What a joy to have heard that sweet voice and to have seen that heavenly face !

I told my congregation about her last night. In speaking of the ornamental value of the Pearl of Great Price, my words, as nearly as I can recall (I spoke *extempore*), were : “I received word this morning that a woman of sainted memory, eighty-seven years old, living in New England, had just passed away ; and I want to testify, as one who had the privilege of knowing and loving her, that in her, among many other excellences, the ornamental aspect of the kingdom of God reached its perfect development and consummation. Such a heavenly character and such a queenly presence I have nowhere met with in any one else. Those bright eyes, that sunny countenance and stately bearing, will no more be seen on earth ; but by a great throng of people, among whom I am happy to be numbered, she will be remembered as one whose adornment was as that of the angels in heaven, because she had on the Pearl of Great Price.”

My dear brother, I wish I could tell you how Mrs. McConnell and myself feel for you and with you in this

bereavement. May the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort be with and bless you.

With affectionate regard and sympathy from us both, believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

J. E. McCONNELL.

From the Rev. WALLACE NUTTING, D. D., pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, Washington: —

SEATTLE, February 14, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I want to write saying we are conscious that, while one of the sweetest spirits in the world has now become invisible, she is hovering over you still, and will continue to be with you even to the end. It was a deprivation not to see her face again in the flesh; but when we shall see it again, it will have gained, not lost, in sweetness and grace and tenderness, if these things are possible, — for how could she be sweeter, more graceful, more tender? Do not, we beg you, suppose that the sunshine will die away from the home, for a sweet and bright calm shall abide where she walked and sat, and the glory of God shall come to you through the mother-love. Any great love makes us great; the relinquishment of the person of the beloved makes us greater.

I have no doubt that the passing was as beautiful and faithful as the life prophesied it would be. Dear and gentle soul, so frank and true that God loved her as a mirror of himself, abide with us still, and teach us holy living! She shall see the beauty of the new world, and long to reveal it to you.

Very affectionately,

WALLACE NUTTING.

From the Rev. H. D. JENKINS, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Sioux City, Iowa : —

SIoux CITY, IA., April 1, 1894.

MR. GEORGE H. GILBERT.

DEAR SIR, — The shadow which has fallen upon beautiful Sunnyside casts a long penumbra. I shall never forget the delightful day spent at your home when October frost had enriched, but not destroyed, the charms of your suburban home. And in that home itself what mingling there was of June's tenderness with October's fires ! In both Miss Farnham and her sister, one could realize, in a measure, the reality of an "immortal" youth. To the vivacity and cheerfulness of youth she added the serenity and wisdom of experience. There was the spirit of youth without its immaturity of judgment ; the ripeness of age without decrepitude. As in high northern latitudes the bold headland still glows in the rays of the setting sun until the rising day touches it with a new effulgence, so she seemed to rise above the dark shadow and the restless wave, beautiful with the day that had past, and still more beautiful with the day that was about to dawn.

I am in sincerest sympathy your friend,
H. D. JENKINS.

From the Rev. LEWIS MALVERN, pastor of the South Church (Free Baptist), Laconia, N. H. : —

LACONIA, N. H., February 10, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Your telegram has just paralyzed me. I cannot realize it, yet it must be true.

I shall never forget my last visit at your home with her. How well and bright and happy she was ! How little we know when we are seeing our friends in this life for the last time !

I can sit here and think, but cannot write.

Yet, how comforting the thought, that now your dear aunt is in heaven! How real, how dear and precious it must make heaven seem to you! If so lovely in this state of grace, what must she be in glory?

All of us most sincerely sympathize with you, for how lonesome life will seem to you now! How you will cherish the thought that, while she was with you, you always did all in your power for her comfort and happiness!

My heart goes out to you and just says, God bless you! I have had a heavy day with the sick in my parish: the first call before seven A. M. to a dying woman.

I shall make a great effort to be with you next Wednesday. May the Divine Master support and comfort you, is the prayer of

Yours ever truly,

LEWIS MALVERN.

From the Rev. JOHN W. SUTER, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Winchester: —

WINCHESTER, February 12, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Mrs. Suter and I wish to assure you of our sympathy with you in your sorrow. It seems hardly appropriate to speak of sorrow in connection with the completion of a life so long and so rich in helpfulness to others; but for you personally, in spite of the happy memories of the past and the bright assurance that the life of usefulness is not really completed but only just begun, I know there must be a keen sense of loss in missing so sweet a companionship. May God bless and comfort you.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. SUTER.

From Mrs. HELEN PEARSON BARNARD, wife of Dea. E. Lawrence Barnard, Winchester: —

WINCHESTER, February 18, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I thank God that I could attend the last service; that there was a seat for me

quite near the sweet, upturned face, even though it made my heart ache. If there had been no words said then, if we had sat in silence as deep as hers, we would have gone away with a benediction. All her surroundings spoke eloquently, — the lovely portrait of this household saint, the crowns, the white lilies, the picture of the lonely boat approaching a shore at sunset, reminding us "At eventime it shall be light," and the white radiance of the day as they bore her casket from Sunnyside. It was a service that cannot be forgotten. We carried away a picture, — not of darkness and gloom, but of life and light, — the translation of a soul, the mystic wedding of the bride with her heavenly groom!

Sincerely yours,

HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

From Miss ESTHER C. ALLEN:—

WALPOLE, MASS., February 12, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT,— You have not been out of my mind a single waking minute since it came to me through the Saturday evening "Journal," that dear Miss Farnham had passed through the Golden Gates into the Beautiful City, and oh, the *sweet, sweet* memories she has left us! I know from experience what a precious legacy they will ever be to you. There was always that wonderful charm about her, that it was ever a joy to meet her and sincere regret to leave her. I know at this time, only the dear Lord, who does not afflict willingly, can give to you the comfort needed; but I am sure, by the memory of our ever true friendship, that, in this hour of your deep sorrow, you will accept my real, true sympathy, and the sincere wish that underneath the shadow of his wings you may find sweet rest and peace. I hope nothing will prevent my coming to Winchester on Wednesday.

Very sincerely yours,

ESTHER C. ALLEN.

From Mrs. M. E. W. EMERSON, wife of Rev. Alfred Emerson : —

DORCHESTER, March 12, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — Will you allow me to express my husband's grateful acknowledgment of your kindness in sending to him the papers containing the obituary notices of your dear aunt. I regret very much that he cannot himself write you, as he would gladly do if he were able. He has listened, with great interest and appreciation, as we have read to him these tributes of respect and affection which you have received from so many distinguished friends. He would most heartily emphasize every one of them, for he has always entertained for Miss Farnham, and her sister, Mrs. Smith, the warmest regard. We were very glad to see the excellent reproduction of the photograph of Miss Farnham's face. We see in it the reflection of the gentle loveliness of her character which so impressed all her many friends. We can hardly venture to touch upon what this loss is to you. How much it takes out of your life, how it empties your hands !

I think we realize what a shadow it is which has fallen on Sunnyside, — what it must be, though it is indeed a sunlit shadow, with more of the brightness of Heaven than the darkness of earth.

Mr. Emerson wishes me to express his profound sympathy and his grateful thanks, in which you will allow me to join.

Very truly yours,

M. E. W. EMERSON.

From PEYTON H. HOGE, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, N. C. : —

WILMINGTON, N. C., February 21, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — It has always remained in my memory like a beautiful picture — the glimpse I had of your sweet home and your tender care of the saintly

old lady who in her turn did so much to bring grace and charm to your house. Yet you are not thrown out of all the sources of happiness, as a mere man of the world might be under such conditions. Your active interest in the church and in all Christian philanthropy will afford you a field of constant usefulness, and that means a field of constant happiness.

If you should be seeking rest and change, and should turn your face southward, I hope you will stop in Wilmington. My wife is not now at home, having been absent for a month seeking medical treatment, with a promise of better health, I hope.

With sincerest sympathy, I am

Yours very cordially,

PEYTON H. HOGE.

From Dea. JOHN E. PARKER, of Park Street Church, Boston : —

BOSTON, February 12, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — I am exceedingly pained to hear of the great loss which all who had the pleasure of knowing her have sustained in the death of your dearly beloved aunt, and which is as nothing compared with the loss which you are called to meet. Among the pleasantest recollections which it seems to me I shall ever have will be the acquaintance which I have so much enjoyed with both the dear departed. It was a benediction indeed to meet with them, and no one could ever leave their presence without feeling the better.

It will be among the precious and comforting memories of your life that you have been allowed to contribute so much to make their declining days happy and pleasant, and so enabled them to minister to the happiness of others as largely as they have done. May God in His great goodness give you of His grace and love, as He has promised, sufficient for this present trial.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN E. PARKER.

From Mrs. ELLA C. DAVIS, wife of S. A. Davis, M. D., Charlestown : —

CHARLESTOWN, February 19, 1894.

DEAR MR. GILBERT, — The Winchester paper came this morning, and I thank you for sending it. Certainly, many pleasant words were spoken in appreciation of your good aunt's noble life and character, and they must be of good cheer to you who mourn her absence so deeply. Perhaps those who have been called to pass through a similar sorrow can best sympathize with you at this hard time. My own comfort came mostly from the words "God is not a God of the dead but of the *living*, for unto Him all *live*," and I think one of the great things we shall learn, later, is, how near and real the life is into which they have passed, and how unbroken is their influence over *us*. Your aunt can love you more deeply, and keep you better now than she ever could, because she can come nearer to your real heart and soul than before; and I wish you may think of her as actively alive, and consciously influencing you all the time. Simply, she has finished her work on the *earthly* plane, and has taken a step upward and onward; and, a little later on, when the sad days are over for us, in the which we have wept over the *not seeing* with the natural eye, we shall all take the same path and find those who have gone before.

Sincerely your friend,

ELLA C. DAVIS.

From Miss LUCY WHEELLOCK. Normal Instructor in Kindergarten, Chauncey Hall School, Boston : —

BOSTON, February 13, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. GILBERT, — My thoughts will be with you to-morrow at the hour of service; but I am sorry that my normal class will prevent me from coming in person.

Dear souls, who left us lonely here,
Bound on their last, long voyage, to whom
We, day by day, are drawing near,
Where every bark has sailing room !

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me ;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the eternal sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted isles of peace.

WHITTIER.

With sincere sympathy,

LUCY WHEELOCK.

To the Rev. HENRY E. BARNES, D. D.¹ : —

SUNNYSIDE, WINCHESTER, December 20, 1893.

MY DEAR DR. BARNES, — As the only living original member of the North Andover church over which you are installed to-day, I send you my most hearty congratulations, and be assured you have my prayers that your pastorate may be a long and happy one. I have known every pastor of the dear old church, and loved them all. I hope to know and love you. My home is here with my nephew, George H. Gilbert, whose sainted mother was the first person to unite with this same church on profession of faith; and my father was one of the first deacons. I hope some day, when in Boston, you will find it convenient to come out and dine with us; your convenience will always be ours. I am now eighty-seven years of age, having been born in North Andover, August 16, 1806. I enjoy good health, and attend church here regularly when the weather permits. I send you with this "My Life and Times," by Dr. Hamlin, as a Christmas remembrance. My love to Mrs. Barnes, whom we would like to see here with you.

Again bidding you a cordial welcome to the church I love so well, I remain

Cordially yours,

LAVINIA FARNHAM.

¹ This was one of Miss Farnham's last letters, written on the day of Dr. Barnes's installation, less than two months before she was called home. How suggestive its engraved motto beneath the family coat of arms : —

Je suis prêt.

[I am ready.]

Extract from Charge to the Pastor by Rev. B. F. HAMILTON, D.D.,
pastor of the Eliot Church, Boston, at Installation of Rev. Henry
E. Barnes, D. D., North Andover, December 20, 1893 : —

Two weeks ago I visited the home of the oldest member of this church, the only living original member [Miss Farnham], a lady eighty-eight years old ; and among the first questions she asked me was : “ Have you heard anything from North Andover lately ? ” And she spoke of this good old church which she helped to plant, and for which she had been praying these sixty years. These prayers are going to be answered in your ministry. God grant they may ! I simply congratulate you that you are entering into this ministry.

ORDER OF FUNERAL SERVICES.

FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

Singing. "Gathering home, one by one."

APOLLO QUARTETTE, Boston.

Prayer. Rev. B. F. HAMILTON, D. D., Boston.

Selections from Scripture. Rev. D. A. NEWTON,
Winchester.

Singing. "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

APOLLO QUARTETTE.

Address. Rev. D. A. NEWTON.

Singing. "We shall meet beyond the river."

APOLLO QUARTETTE.

Address. Rev. J. L. WITHROW, D. D.

Prayer. Rev. Dr. WITHROW.

Benediction. Rev. Dr. WITHROW.

PALL BEARERS.

Mr. JOHN H. D. SMITH and Mr. HENRY F. SMITH,
nephews of Miss Farnham; Mr. J. H. GRENVILLE GIL-
BERT and Mr. EDWARD H. GILBERT, the two brothers
of Mr. George H. Gilbert.

THE three churches with which Miss Farnham was especially identified were her home church at North Andover, the Park Street Church of Boston, and the church at Winchester the last four years of her life. At the funeral each church was represented by one of its deacons : —

North Andover Church, by Deacon Joseph H. Stone ; Park Street Church, Boston, by Deacon Edward A. Studley ; Winchester Congregational Church, by Deacon Robert Cowdery.

From the "New York Observer."¹

MARCH 8, 1894.

AT Winchester, Mass., February 10, of pneumonia, Miss LAVINIA FARNHAM, in her eighty-eighth year. Miss Farnham was a subscriber to the "New York Observer" for more than thirty years.

Miss Farnham was born in Andover (North Parish), Mass., August 16, 1806, and died in Winchester, Mass., at Sunnyside, the residence of her nephew, Mr. George H. Gilbert, February 10, 1894. The funeral services were held February 14. An impressively sympathetic prayer was offered by Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D. D., who was for seven years her pastor, in North Andover. Rev. D. A. Newton, her pastor, then read the Scriptures, and spoke with special fitness and affection of her beautiful life, which had so blessed Winchester during the last four years. Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow, for ten years her pastor at Park Street Church, Boston, who had come from Chicago to attend the funeral, spoke, out of a full heart, of the graces which adorned her character. Since his early infancy, Miss Farnham had filled the place of mother to her nephew, Mr. Gilbert; and ever since he reached man's estate he has unsparingly devoted both money and time to her utmost comfort. Never was a home more fitly named. It was sunny without and sunny within, and Aunt Lavinia was a chief source of its light and warmth. It seemed as

¹ A similar notice appeared in the *Congregationalist*, March 1, from the same pen.

natural for her to shine as it is for the light. Meanwhile, the atmosphere of her life was so loving that there was as much warmth as radiance. It may be safely said that she never made the hearts of her friends sad until she passed into the sleep from which they could not awake her, because she had heard the call to come up higher, where she has seen "the King in His beauty."

Miss Farnham was the last of the thirty-one original members of the North Andover Congregational Church, formed in September, 1834, with which she maintained her membership through life; and Rev. Dr. Henry E. Barnes, its present pastor, held a memorial service there on Sunday morning, February 25, and paid a beautiful tribute to her saintly memory.

J. L. W.

THE following is the inscription upon the Monument to Miss FARNHAM, in the lot of Mr. GEORGE H. GILBERT, Ridge-wood Cemetery, North Andover :—

MY MOTHER-AUNT
LAVINIA FARNHAM,
WHO TAUGHT MY INFANT LIPS TO PRAY
TO MY MOTHER'S GOD,
AND WITH ANGEL HAND LED ME HEAVENWARD.

WHO FROM BENEATH MY OWN ROOF-TREE
WAS SUMMONED BY THE KING TO HIS PALACE,
AND WHOSE HALLOWED MEMORY
MINGLES WITH MY HUMBLE HOPES
OF HEAVEN.
AUGUST 16, 1806 — FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF YOU.

